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ABSTRACT

This collection presents poems, written by Arizona students in kindergarten through twelfth grade, who were judged finalists or winners in the 1992 statewide Arizona Poetry Contest. In addition to poems in English, this anthology presents poems in several other languages, including Navajo, Spanish, Cambodian, Korean, Vietnamese, Tagalog, and Romanian. Poems in languages other than English are accompanied by a translation. (SR)

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Arizona Celebration 1992 Poetry Anthology

ELBERT JUMBO "32"

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Arizona Department of Education
C. Diane Bishop, Superintendent of Public Instruction
April 1992

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Arizona
Department of Education

C. DIANE BISHOP
Superintendent

Dear Teachers and Students:

I am pleased to share this *1992 Poetry Anthology* with you.

The state poetry contest is, without exception, a celebration of your outstanding work. This third *Anthology* includes the fine entries that were judged winners or finalists in the 1992 contest. I hope you will enjoy reading, sharing and using these poems in your classrooms throughout the year.

We at the Arizona Department of Education celebrate the 1992 poets of Arizona!

Sincerely,

C. Diane Bishop
State Superintendent of Public Instruction

• 1535 West Jefferson, Phoenix, Arizona 85007 •
602-542-4361 FAX 602-542-5283 Voc Ed FAX 602-542-1849

May, 1992

The Arizona English Teachers Association has enjoyed a working partnership with the Department of Education in support of teaching writing at all grade levels. The three state writing projects have trained teachers from throughout the state to assist students in self-expression. The State Poetry Contest has been an excellent demonstration of students writing about real feelings and concerns. It is important for teachers and students to be supported as they share their feelings with an audience.

Arizona Celebration, the *1992 Poetry Anthology*, is a part of that support and sharing necessary to encourage writing in the classrooms. This *Anthology* represents teachers and students from across the state that have been encouraged to create and write about any topic imaginable. Seeing the work of our students published is an excellent incentive for both teachers and writers in Arizona to continue their efforts.

We wish continued success to the teachers and students of our state as they explore writing in all genres.

Shirley Kasper, President
Arizona English Teachers Association

May, 1992

Dear Students, Teachers, and Parents:

We are pleased to share with you a book of poetry written by students kindergarten through twelfth grade. These students are the winners and finalists in the 1992 State Poetry Contest. Over 1,300 poems were entered by school districts throughout the state. Poems came in many languages with translations, formats and styles. Thirty judges spent an entire day reading, enjoying and discussing each and every poem. It was a challenging, exciting and exhausting day. My thanks to the judges (some came a long distance), who spent the day reading, rereading and discussing at length the poetry entries as they chose the winners and finalists. All the entries were excellent, so the final decisions were difficult.

The cover for this book was created by Elbert Jumbo, a senior from Chinle High School, Chinle School District. His artistic work is familiar to many collectors of Native American Art. My special thanks to Elbert for sharing his art work with the poets of Arizona.

Editing and proofreading of the manuscript takes a great deal of time. My thanks to Berta Walder, Michele Wilson and Delores Butler as they read, enjoyed and spent many hours in preparation of the final manuscript. My thanks to the Arizona English Teachers Association for all the help and support offered by the members.

Muriel Rosmann
Writing/Language Arts Specialist
Arizona Department of Education

ARIZONA CELEBRATION

OF POETRY!

1992 STATE POETRY CONTEST FACTS

The annual Arizona Poetry Contest is held in the month of March. Last year more than 1300 poems in 15 languages - including Cambodian, Chinese, Japanese, Korean, Navajo and Spanish - were submitted by kindergarten through 12th grade students from public and private schools. Poems in languages other than English were accompanied by a translation for contest judges.

The three state writing projects provided the field from which the judges were selected with an emphasis on teachers of poetry, published poets and extensive readers of poetry. A blind judging process was used so the judges did not know the names of the students, schools, or districts. The judges donated their time to meet with colleagues, read, judge, and enjoy the entries. As the winning poems were selected, the judges shared the excitement of discovering who had written the poems and which districts had entered them. The day culminated with a shared and final reading of all winning entries.

THE CEREMONY

The State Poetry Awards Ceremony was held May 5, 1992, for the winning students, their teachers, district administrators, and family members.

State Superintendent C. Diane Bishop opened the ceremonies with a welcome. She gave special recognition to the outstanding work done by the students as published in the *1992 Poetry Anthology.* Bill Mosley, from television station KTVK (Channel 3) in Phoenix, served as Master of Ceremonies. Representative Polly Rosenbaum was an honored guest. Muriel Rosmann, the Writing and Language Arts Specialist from the Arizona Department of Education, presented the awards. Television cameras, camcorders, and newspaper reporters recorded the celebration. It was a day to be remembered by the promising, talented, young poets of Arizona!

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Disclaimer

Opinions expressed in the poetry are those of the poets and do not necessarily reflect the opinions of the sponsoring agencies.

4/92

ADE **Printed in Phoenix, Arizona by the Arizona Department of Education**
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1992 STATE POETRY JUDGES

Cheryl Lanning

Dellcinus Musselman

Debra Howell

Marlin Perkins

Sabena Norman

Eileen Snook

Arky Muscato

Marilyn Carson-Spellman

Katherine Granillo-Beebe

Harriet McBrayer

Yolanda M. Olibarria

Carol Gibson

Berta Walder

Robin Schneider

Nancy Brehm

Shirley Goodman

Cathy Reardon(Schultz)

Terri Hill

David M. Wing

Lillian Hentel

Rachel Thornburg

Lisa Savoca

Vaughn Delp

Janice McGinnis

Nora MacKenzie

Marie Hammerle

Frances Kerr

Nancy Grubb

Karen Lashley

Tony Fanucci

Spanish Language:

Arco Iris

Una nina pequeña vio un arco iris!
Ella lo vio crecer y crecer.
Ella vio todos los diferentes colores.
Ella vio que bonito se hizo.
Una nina pequeña vio un arco iris!

Translation:

Rainbow

A little girl saw a rainbow!
She saw it grow and grow.
She saw the many different colors.
She saw how beautiful it became.
A little girl saw a rainbow!

Jasmin Garcia
Winner
Kindergarten
Virginia B. Villalovos, Teacher
Littleton School District No. 65

Talk to the Sky

Hi! Sky!
What ya doing?
How are you feeling?
I would like to be up there with you.
How'd you get up there?
I could not do anything if I was up there with you.
What do you do when you're sad?
Is that when you drop rain?
What do you do when you're happy?
Is that when you are bright blue?
I'd like to hang out with you!

Student name withheld
Winner
Kindergarten
Mrs. Anglin, Teacher
Peoria Unified District

The Shark

I flipped out of my boat.
My feet fell on a shark's nose.
I swam real fast like a roadrunner runs fast.
I got back in my boat and sailed away.

Reyes Escobedo
Finalist
Kindergarten
Becky LaCasse, Teacher
Glendale Elementary School District No. 40

Kindergarten

Kindergarten,
We are growing
up,
Not so little
anymore,
Like we were
before,
When we were
three or four.

Codi Martin
Finalist
Kindergarten
Carol Linge, Teacher
Paradise Valley Unified District

Wiggle

If you watch a worm wiggle
you will giggle,
And if you wiggle
the worm will giggle.
If you see a bunny
it would be funny
to watch his nose wiggle.

Amanda Collette
Finalist
Kindergarten
Jacque Crouch, Teacher
Deer Valley Unified School District

MY SISTER

My sister looks
like a doll
she tries to stand
and fall.
She plays with my
things and breaks them
all.
I love her after all.

Deepak Singh
Finalist
Kindergarten
Mrs. Prezkop
Kyrene School District No. 28

Battleships

Big, cold, grey, steel
Wooshing through the deep Water
Looking to protect

Carrying our men
See the American Flag
Guns wait very still

P. J. Patterson
Finalist
Kindergarten
Patricia McGuckin
Apache Junction Unified School District

Teddy Bear Blanket

In my bed
At night,
Under my blanket
With my teddy bear friends,
I feel
Soft,
Warm,
and
Sleepy.

David King
Finalist
Kindergarten
L. Jarvi, Teacher
Prescott Unified School District

Spanish Language:

La Familia

Mí familia
Me quiere mucho,
En todos partes,
Todo el tiempo
Porque soy su hija.

Translation:

The Family

My family
Loves me a lot,
Everywhere,
All the time,
Because I am their daughter.

Luz Alvarez
Finalist
Kindergarten
Allison Taylor, Teacher
Santa Cruz Valley Unified District No. 35

Spanish Language:

Mi pajaro no sabe volar
Porque tiene sus alas cortadas
no se siente feliz.

Translation:

My bird cannot fly
Because his wings are clipped.
He does not feel happy.

Jesús Sotelo
Finalist
Kindergarten
Mrs. Melinda Patrick, Teacher
Chandler Unified District

Fire Engine

Fire engine colored bright
Hose and ladder fastened tight.
Speeding to the burning fire
Smoke and flames go no higher.

Kyle Clancy
Finalist
Kindergarten
Mrs. Julie Tomczak
Peoria Unified School District

Spongy with water
Green, Sticky
Arms going up
Huge, Giant
Saguaro

Danniella Dupree Peters
Finalist
Kindergarten
Mrs. Bjorklund
Madison School District

Spanish Language:

Felicidad

Felicidad
es blancá
como las
palomitas -
brincando y
deliciosa.

Translation:

Happiness

Happiness
is white
like
popcorn -
jumping and
delicious.

Antonio Camacho
Winner
First Grade
Mrs. Lusby, Teacher
Creighton Elementary District

Lonely People

I remember that I went
to the old folks home of lonely people
on Friday on the 20th
the lady was under the blanket
and we were singing against the wall
seeing old people crying that makes you cry too
smelling flowers
hearing Christmas carols
and sitting around in wheelchairs
I can remember when I was singing
their faces looked happy
and sad.

Sylvia Rodriguez
Winner
First Grade
Mrs. Gilbert, Teacher
Glendale Elementary School District

Snowflakes Falling

Snowflakes falling
in the air. . .
Snowflakes gliding,
floating.
They don't make a sound.
When they touch the ground. . .
Peaceful.

Cam Sherwood
Finalist
First Grade
Mary Hall, Teacher
Chandler Unified School District

The Sea

The ocean waves sound like monsters
Grumbling and growling in the sea.
They look like dragons
Spitting white fire at me.
The waves try to lasso my feet.
I think they will eat me.
I get scared.

Kevin Huggins
Finalist
First Grade
Kay Sumner
Blue Ridge School District

When the Sun Goes Down

When the sun goes down,
The clouds make shapes like
Waves drifting through the sky
And a forest with magic in it.
The moon looks like
A diamond that sparkles
With a light through it.
So look out the window and
Maybe you will see this.

Christine Welsh
Finalist
First Grade
Karen Jull, Teacher
Catalina Foothills School District No. 16

My Grandpa

My grandpa died from a heart attack

And now my Grandma is all by herself.

I think about the silly things we did

He pulled me out of the chair
And took me by my toes out in the hall
And dropped me in the hall.

Then he sat down in the chair
And I ran back
And I tried to get him out.

Sometimes he let me push him out
But sometimes he wouldn't.

When I think about him
It makes me feel happy and sad.

Davy Waltman
Finalist
First Grade
Diane Corley, Teacher
Pendergast School District

My Dog Rocky

My dog Rocky is very old.
I will never give him away,
and he won't ever be sold.

He's a big husky dog,
that sleeps all day.
A husky dog
that doesn't play.

All he does is moan and groan,
but he barks once a day
when I come home.

My dog Rocky will never die,
and if he does
I'll cry and cry!

Christopher Barraza
Finalist
First Grade
Mary Galindo, Teacher
Roosevelt School District No. 66

Snowflakes Fell

I can ski down a hill
because the snowflakes fell.

I can skate on ice
because the snowflakes fell.

I can make a snow angel
because the snowflakes fell.

I can fall in the snow
because the snowflakes fell.

I can have a snowball fight with Ashley
because the snowflakes fell.

I can build a big, big, big, BIG snowman
because the snowflakes fell.

I can slide down a snow mountain with a sled
because the snowflakes fell.

I can catch a cold... atchoo!!!
because the snowflakes fell.

Christin Gilmer
Finalist
First Grade
Mrs. Judy Rushin
Yuma School District No. 1

Samantha and Jordan

Fluffy, suspicious, black and white
Samantha my sister's cat likes to fight.
Friendly, lazy and very fat.
That's Jordan my precious cat.
Brother and sister
Samantha and Jordan

Alexis Nelson
Finalist
First Grade
Rose M. Gamboa, Teacher
Tempe Elementary District No. 3

The Wind

The wind rattles in the night and blows in the day.
The wind swirls in the mountains and roars in the caves.
The wind drifts in the valleys and soars over the rivers.
The wind howls in the streets and screeches around my house.
The wind is like a whistle, it blows and blows.

Bradley Klem
Finalist
First Grade
Billie Cox, Teacher
Washington School District

I Forgot

I forgot to put up the stockings.
I forgot my coat.
I forgot my B.B. gun.
I forgot my dog.
I forgot my cat.
I forgot my kite,
But I didn't forget to give my mom a hug.

Rocky Sharratt
Finalist
First Grade
Judi Blymyer, Teacher
Topock School District No. 12

The Desert

I went to the desert to play in the sand.
It had been a rainy day.
I saw cactus and birds.
I felt peaceful.
The cactus was green with red and yellow stickers.
The birds were whistling.
So I took a picture to remember this forever.

Chris Berg
Finalist
First Grade
Cathy Trimble, Teacher
Paradise Valley Unified District

New Girl At School

A little nervous soul
In an empty hole.

Shivering about school
Drowning in a pool.

Learning more than one rule
Thinking this is cruel.

Feeling like a little flea
In a great big sea.

Jessica Ehinger
Finalist
First Grade
Bonnie L. Delise, Teacher
Washington Elementary District

Baseball Game

I see lots and lots of baseball players and the diamond.
I hear players hitting the ball and the crowd screaming loud.
I feel the hot, hot, hot sun.
I smell buttery popcorn.
I taste my juicy hot dog and my cold coke.
I know that this summer I'm going to be in Little League baseball.

Aaron Gregory Shand
Finalist
First Grade
Mrs. Kingsley, Teacher
Vail School District No. 20

The Pegasus

I went to the moon
and saw some stars
that made a Pegasus
as white as snow;
But oh, so far.
If I could touch her
we would fly.

Whitney Price
Finalist
First Grade
Maria Anzaldua, Teacher
Tucson Unified School District

FAIRIES

Fairies
Give you wishes
Wanting mom and dad together
Sad to not find a fairy
One wish

Amy Ortega
Finalist
First Grade
Ms. Mary Chapela, Teacher
Avondale Elementary District No. 44

Spanish Language:

El Cielo

Él cielo es azul,

A veces está nublado.

Llega la lluvia,

Riega las flores,

Sale el arco iris y viste el cielo

De todos colores.

Translation:

The Sky

The sky is blue,

Sometimes it is cloudy.

The rain comes

And waters the flowers,

Out comes the rainbow and covers the sky,

With all kinds of colors.

Estefania Hernandez
Finalist
First Grade
Tommy Martin, Teacher
Santa Cruz Valley Unified No. 35

Spanish Language:

Una Perra Buena

Yo tengo una perra buena
Que le da risa
Cuando me mira
Yo juego con la perra
Que es buena
Se llama Mena.

Llueve y llueve
Y yo y mi perrita jugamos
Y nos mojamos
Yo y mi perrita andamos de paseo
En un museo
Mi perrita es buena para nadar
En el mar.
A mi perrita le gustan las flores
De todos colores
A mi perrita le gusta el campo
A ella le gusta tanto.
Yo y mi perrita.

Translation:

A Good Dog

I have a good dog
She smiles at me
When she sees me
I play with my dog
She is a good dog
Her name is Mena

It rains and it rains
My dog likes to play
When it rains
We get wet
Then we walk
To the museum
My dog likes to swim
In the ocean
She is a good swimmer
We go to the beach

My dog likes flowers
Of many colors
My puppy likes to go camping
She likes it a lot.
She is my dog.

Elia Martinez
Finalist
First Grade
D. Stevens, Teacher
Littleton School District

Spanish Language:

ALBAÑILES

EL MARTILLO CLAVA CLAVOS,
EL LADRILLO HACE PAREDES,
LA PALA HACE HOLLOS,
EL CEMENTO HACE PISOS,
!PERO EL ALBAÑIL HACE TODO!

Translation:

MASONS

A HAMMER DRIVES NAILS,
A BRICK MAKES WALLS,
A SHOVEL MAKES HOLES,
THE CEMENT MAKES FLOORS,
BUT THE MASON DOES IT ALL!

Miguel Zuñiga
Winner
Second Grade
Miss Sprigg, Teacher
Nogales Unified District No. 1

Turning Eight

I feel like a giant in doll clothes.
My pants get shorter.
My shoes scrunch my toes.
My buttons pop off.
Why, do you suppose?

I like the piano,
And pizza, and chips,
Served with cake and chocolate dips.

My voice is deeper
When I say, "Boo!"
I'm sure I can smell
Me growing up, too!

But, as I look in the mirror
I still see
The same young kid
Smiling back at me.

Ryan W. Harper-Joy
Winner
Second Grade
Sally L. Hulsey
Blue Elementary District No. 22

The Sad Moment

Driving down the street
and finally - crash!
You can't look it's so horrible
The father crying,
the kids weeping,
their hearts dividing in half.
The family will never be the same.
The funeral broke into tears
wondering how they can do
without her.
They feel like a punctured balloon.

Justin Ashbridge
Finalist
Second Grade
Karen Lashley, Teacher
Glendale Elementary District

Beauty and the Beast

Beauty was a lovely girl who
met an awful Beast,
They sat across a table at their
own romantic feast.
He lead her to the ballroom where
they danced across the floor,
While her father tried to save her,
outside pounding on the door.
What the people didn't know was
that the Beast was really good,
Beauty could see past his looks his
heart and soul she understood.
His looks they didn't matter it was his
heart that made him great,
They fell in love, she broke the spell,
their lives were lived first rate.
The moral of this story is that looks,
they just don't matter,
Judge people from the inside, not
Whether they're ugly, shorter or fatter.

Jennifer Luiszer
Finalist
Second Grade
Mrs. Whitlock, Teacher
Peoria Unified School District

The Sun Strikes Again

The sun strikes again
I feel its rays upon my head
Soon it will reach the rest of me
And turn me all red
The sun strikes again
I feel it on my toes
Soon it will bounce up
And touch me on my nose
The sun strikes again
It hit me on my knee
I must get ready now
Soon it will get the rest of me.

Jason Rodriguez
Finalist
Second Grade
Alma Gutierrez, Teacher
Tolleson School District

Dreaming of a Faraway Land

I dream of fairies living
in flowers
And wizards with very
magical powers.
I think of kings
and noble knights
with diamond rings
and glorious fights.
I dream of elves and
pixies and gnomes
And dwarfs and midgets living
in their tree trunk homes.
I think of big huge
ugly beasts
and rich, rich queens
with fantastic feasts.
I dream of witches, enchantresses
and other such things,
And giant ants
that bite and sting.
I think of monsters and mermaids
that live in the sea,
But do you know what?
There're probably thinking
of me.

Daniel Bowers
Finalist
Second Grade
Joy Jones, Teacher
Mesa Public School District

How Far?

How far is a dream?
As far as a star
High in the sky?

How far is a dream?
At the close of the day
A dream is just
A pillow away.

Jasmine Samuel
Finalist
Second Grade
Mrs. Katherine Pickett, Teacher
Isaac School District

THE NICE WINDOW

I have a window in my house.
She is my favorite window.
I keep my art work on it.
I keep a chair right by it.
I always sip juice by it.
I play house by it.
When I have problems I talk to it.
When no one will play with me or talk to me
I just talk to it.
At night I cover it with curtains and
sing it to sleep.
I love my window very much!

Heather Harris
Finalist
Second Grade
Mrs. Baker, Teacher
Chandler Unified School District

My Grandma and Grandpa

My Grandma and Grandpa came to stay
While my Mom and Dad went away.
Grandma made me eat what's right.
I put up a struggle with all my might.
Grandpa said, "No cake, young man,
Unless you've eaten all you can."
Grandma said, "A little piece
Won't hurt a bit."
So, I had a little piece,
And that was it.

Brendan Mosley
Finalist
Second Grade
Mimi Gromley, Teacher
Marana Unified School District

Spanish Language:

EL DESIERTO

EL DESIERTO VA A ESTAR BONITO
CUANDO SEA PRIMAVERA.
EN UNOS DESIERTOS CAE NIEVE
EN OTROS NO.
LOS CACTOS VIVEN EN EL DESIERTO.
ELLOS LES GUSTA VIVIR
EN EL DESIERTO.
MAS QUE EN UN JARDIN.
LOS CACTOS SE SIENTEN VIEJOS
POR ESTAR PARADOS
POR MUCHO TIEMPO.
Y GUARDANDO AGUA
POR MUCHO TIEMPO.

Translation:

THE DESERT

THE DESERT WILL BE BEAUTIFUL
WHEN SPRING COMES.
IT SNOWS IN SOME DESERTS.
IN OTHERS IT DOESN'T.
CACTUS LIVE IN THE DESERT.
THEY PREFER TO LIVE IN THE
DESERT
THAN IN ANY GARDEN.
THE CACTUS FEEL SO OLD
THEY'VE BEEN STANDING SO LONG,
AND STORING WATER
FOR SO LONG.

Laura Árriola
Finalist
Second Grade
Diana Muñoz, Teacher
Chandler Unified School District

Philippine Language:

Tag-ulan

Sa mga buwan ng
Hungo, Hulio et Agosto.
Ang ulan at kidlat ay
Magkalarong gulat.
Magmula umaga,
Hanggang sa pagdilim,
Tulog ang kidlat,
At patak ng ulan.

Translation:

Rainy Days

In the months of
June, July and August,
The rain and thunder
are a playful noise,
From morning until
the set of sun,
Continuous thunder,
and drops of rain.

Ryan Dimal
Finalist
Second Grade
Lori Pieper, Teacher
Deer Valley Unified School District

Spanish Language:

Mi Mamá

Pelo Negro
Ella Tiene Ojos
Verdes Claritos
Mi Mamá
Es Joven
Mi Mamá Me
Quiere Mucho
A Veces Mi Mamá
Me Deja Ayudarle En
La Casa.
Unas Veces En
Especial.
Es Cuando Mi Mamá
Lee A Mi
Y Me Canta En Las
Noches.

Translation:

My Mother

Black Hair.
She Has Light
Green Eyes.
My Mother
Is Young.
My Mother Loves
Me Very Much.
Sometimes My Mother
Let's Me Help Around
The House.
Some Things Are
Extra Special.
Like When My Mother
Reads To Me And Sings
To Me At Night.

Ivan Vázquez
Finalist
Second Grade
Ms. Vásquez, Teacher
Murphy District No. 21

I Hate Spinach

I hate spinach because it's so green.
It tastes like an artichoke or a sardine.
My mom makes me eat it raw, or
heated.
Popeye says it will keep you strong
But I don't need spinach to get along.

Brad Keegan, Josh Lamb
Finalists
Second Grade
Kathy Fritz, Teacher
Gilbert Public Schools

Hunter Mania

Bird

Hunters! Hunters! Help!
I am a bird!
He has a gun!
I don't have anything.
Help! Help! Help!
BAM!!!
He got me, he got me - OOOOOH!

Hunter

Oh, what have I done?
Oh, what have I done?

Bird

What do you want, a happy ending?

K. C. Lyon
Finalist
Second Grade
Karen Nine, Teacher
Apache Junction Unified School District No. 43

Spanish Language:

LA TARDE

La tarde es bonita
y por la tarde me gusta andar.
Ella me inspira
y a veces me pongo a cantar.
A veces por la tarde me gusta andar
y con mis amigas jugar.
Al caer la tarde, con mis padres me gusta cenar.

Translation:

THE AFTERNOON

The afternoon is pretty
and I like to go for a walk.
It inspires me
and at times I start singing.
Sometimes I go for a walk in the afternoon
and play with my friends.
When late afternoon arrives, I like to
have supper with my parents.

Darlane Santa Cruz
Finalist
Second Grade
Martha C. H. Escobar, Teacher
Sunnyside Unified School District No. 12

GHOSTS IN MY CLOSET

Ghosts in my closet come out from my bed
They creep and they haunt and they sound
Like they're dead
They spook and they scream
And they fly, glide and creep
Until it is daylight
When I'm not asleep!

Bethany Nordstrom
Finalist
Second Grade
Sharon Zimmer, Teacher
Prescott Unified School District

GO TO BED

I'm a cowboy lassoing cows.
Swish, swish, swish! Go to bed!
I'm a soldier fighting the war.
Bang, bang, boom! Go to bed!
I'm a pilgrim sailing the ocean.
Whoosh, whoosh, whooosh! Go to bed!
I'm a slave jingling my chains.
Jingle, jingle, jingle! Go to bed!
I'm Santa giving away candy.
Yummy, yum, yum! Go to bed!
I'm traveling around the Earth!
Zoom, zoom, zoom! Go to bed!
I'm getting so tired and sleepy.
Yawn yawn yawn! I'm going to bed!
I'm a sleepy head.
Z=Z=Z=Z, Z=Z=Z=Z, Z=Z=Z=Z!

Kay McCracken
Finalist
Second Grade
J. Decker, Teacher
Amphitheater School District

THE NIGHT

The night makes me think of a big black
cat.
The stars are the birds that it chases
through the night skies.
When it catches one, it falls like a
shooting star.
Then the night will swallow it up.
That is why it will disappear.
And the moon, the moon you ask, that is
just one of its eyes, its eyes.
The moon is just one of its eyes.

Karen Young
Winner
Third Grade
JoAnn Hiser, Teacher
Tempe Elementary District No. 3

Spanish Language:

Puerto Rico

Puerto Rico mi isla bonita.
Mi familía nació en ti, Puerto Rico.

Hay muchas personas que tienen la
dicha de vivir en tú Puerto Rico.

Tus casas son bonitas con sus
jardínes, adentro.

Sus techos son de cristal y cuando el
sol entra es como diamantes cayendo
del cielo que da vida a las flores
por dentro.

Puerto Rico tus alas que van y vienen
donde podemos nadar, jugar, y
hacer castillos de arena.
Como te amo Puerto Rico.
Te extraño y un dia volveré.

Translation:

Puerto Rico

Puerto Rico, my beautiful island.
My family was born on you, Puerto Rico.

There are many people that are fortunate enough
to live in your rich port.

Your houses are beautiful with their inside gardens.

Their roofs are made of crystals
and when the sun comes in,
they are like diamonds falling from the sky,
that gives life to the flowers inside.

Puerto Rico, your waves go in and out.
You are where.we can swim, play,
and make castles out of sand.
How I love you, Puerto Rico.
I miss you and one day I will return.

Aixa Garcia Mont
Winner
Third Grade
Mary Grace Hamp, Teacher
Tempe Elementary District No. 3

Spanish Language:

La rosa y la mariposa

En una rosa hay
una mariposa.

La rosa no se cayó
nunca, ni la mariposa.

Un día se cayó la rosa
y se murió la mariposa.

Translation:

THE ROSE AND THE BUTTERFLY

On a rose there is
a butterfly.

The rose never fell,
nor the butterfly.

One day the rose fell
and the butterfly died.

Uriel Maese
Finalist
Third Grade
Nancy Spreigl and Susan Timmer, Teachers
Creighton Elementary School District

TIGER

Tiger so fierce and big
Growls at everything that walks by its cage.
If anybody growls or sneers
He tries to break free
From the thing that hold him back,
The steel cage bars.
Soon it withers away and dies.
It wasn't his fault.
It was the people
Who made fun of it
And now they all stand by the cage
Where the beautiful tiger
used to live.

Paul Kitchen
Finalist
Third Grade
Mrs. Thomas, Teacher
Glendale Elementary School District

Memory of Grandma

Remember her name,
Remember her face,
Remember her kisses,
Her warm embrace,
Remember her love that
was so true,
Forget she can no longer
be with you.

Remember the love that
you once shared,
Remember the fact that
she always cared,
Remember the times you've
spent together,
Forget the fact that
she's gone forever.

Marianna Chavez
Finalist
Third Grade
Mrs. Haggerty, Teacher
Peoria Unified District No. 11

My Friend

Yesterday I found a friend,
But our friendship is soon to end.

She hit me with her brother's bat,
And she got scratched by my uncle's cat.

I threw some sand at her today,
She ruined my zebra made of clay.

But then she gave me apple pie,
And when I ate it, I did not die.

So there's always tomorrow, that I know,
And so our friendship is sure to grow.

Camber Cooper
Finalist
Third Grade
Mrs. Bodenstedt, Teacher
Peoria Unified District No. 11

A Sunny Day

There was a tree on the hill.
On a beautiful sunny day.
It's leaves were long, it's trunk stood stiff
On that beautiful sunny day.
The short green grass that grew around it
smelled as sweet as the summer air
On that beautiful sunny day.
The colorful tulips, that grew on the hill
were as pretty as a summer rose
On that beautiful sunny day.
The blossoms on the tree were as pink as a sunset
On that beautiful sunny day.

Emily Holland
Finalist
Third Grade
Vicky Mead, Teacher
Page Unified School District

MY DOG IZZY

I have a dog named Izzy
Who runs around in circles 'til she's dizzy.
Sometimes when we throw her the ball
She runs so fast she hits the wall.
When I let her inside to play,
She takes my toys and runs away.
My mom gets mad and starts to shout
That's when I decide to put her out.
One day we took her for a ride in the car,
She jumped out my window and ran so far.
I chased after her as fast as I could,
I didn't want her hit
Cause I love her like I should.

Jenny Conlin
Finalist
Third Grade
Gina Seacat, Teacher
Mesa Public School District

AS I WALK ALONG THE SHORE

As I walk along the shore
I hear the waves rolling gently
Against the coast.
I see the seagulls flying
Toward their nests.
The water ripples in the evening breeze.
I watch the colors of the sky
Disappear into the night
As the stars appear.
The sky turns a dark dark blue
The moon shines brightly upon
The dull white shells that
Now look GOLD.

Margaret Zylla
Finalist
Third Grade
Susan de Generes, Teacher
Chandler Unified School District

Spanish Language:

Melissa

Mi mamá me ama.
Ella siempre
Le gusta reirse.
Insiste con su corazon,
Siempre sostiene,
Su amor para mi familia.
A ella la amamos todas mucho.

Translation:

Melissa

My mother loves me.
Every day she
Laughs with me.
In her heart
She has a space,
For all of my family.
All of us love her a lot.

Melissa Ballesteros
Finalist
Third Grade
Willie Armijo, Teacher
Santa Cruz Valley Unified District No. 35

TRUST BROKEN

Broken is unable to be fixed,
Shattered into tiny fragments.
Trust cannot be glued together,
Nor taped back together:
Trust is like a flower,
Once it's broken,
It takes a long time
For another one to grow.
Trust cannot be seen
If trust could be touched,
It would surely break.
I've looked everywhere for it:
Up, down, left, right,
But it is nowhere to be found.

Rachel Seftel
Finalist
Third Grade
Judy Harding
Paradise Valley Unified School District

Beautiful

The trees are green and shiny
they have a bit of
dew
that lays at the end
of
all
leaves

Streams of shiny
clear blue run
down
and
flowers
surrounding it

Birds chirp
and the
White turtle doves
fly by as the deer
gets a drink and a butterfly
lands on a flower to rest.

Amanda Smalley
Finalist
Third Grade
Lucinda Helms, Teacher
Pendergast School District

Change of Heart

The jaguar prowls
In the bewildered world
Of savage beasts
And thick-twined vine.

In the wild wanderings
Under blue massing clouds
The straggly hunter
Stalks his prey.

Those fiery eyes
Under tangled thickets
Gaze with heart-frozen look
At the flash of lead shinning in the dark.

Then with anguished soul
The darkened ways of the gray-skinned assassin
Stops . . . And his change of heart
Fades into the endless night.

Jenie Pyon
Finalist
Third Grade
Mrs. Zimmerman, Teacher
Peoria Unified School District

MY IMAGINATION

In my imagination
I can be anything.
I can be queen of a nation.
In my imagination.

In my imagination
I can have flying wings,
Or make famous things.
In my imagination.

In my imagination
I can watch my favorite movie,
Or make up my own story.
In my imagination.

In my imagination
I can listen to a song
And the notes would never come out wrong.
In my imagination.

Brooke Prim
Finalist
Third Grade
Mary Smith, Teacher
Tucson Unified School District

MY BIRTHDAY

Today is my birthday.

Nobody cares.

No party.

Nope, no party.

Nobody's here.

No birthday cake.

No ice cream.

I am just standing here.

Nobody.

Bridget Condon
Finalist
Third Grade
Karen Gerberich, Teacher
Scottsdale School District

GRANDPA

Me and my grandpa
sitting on the porch
listening to the rain.

The next thing I know
what did he do?

Died right there
in the rest home
without me.

Crying
and not knowing
what to do.

Come back
Come back please
just for me.

I will be sitting
here
waiting for you.

Charlie Nelson
Finalist
Third Grade
Lucy Mitcham, Teacher
Glendale Elementary School District

One Warm Winter Day

I was sitting on a bench at school
Listening for sounds.
I could hear the sound of people's shoes
Tapping in the hall
And kids chattering.
I could hear the trucks clanking by
Heading towards their busy day.
I felt the soft wind caressing my face
And the hot sun smiling on me
With its golden warmness.
There were spiders busy with their webs
And beautiful birds chirping and humming.
The signs and sounds of nature
Were all around me.
The presence of beauty flowed over me
And gave me a sense of peace.
I turned, walked to the other side of the patio
And looked over the wall.
There, below me, I saw tin cans, paper,
Broken glass and other examples of
TRASH!
Thrown on the ground!
By people who don't even care.
By people who don't even know
The joy of experiencing
A warm winter day.

Kara Weisman
Finalist
Third Grade
Ina McAteer, Teacher
Catalina Foothills School District No. 16

Spanish Language:

Quierido Venado

Venado, venado
Cafe y delgado
Saltando y corriendo
En el bosque verdeado
Con cuernos ampliado.

¿Adonde va, usted?
¿Por qué no pasa mas lento?

Quiero ser tu amigo.
Vamos a tu abrigo.
Pasamos el tiempo antojadizo
Seguro estás hueste grasioso
Mí amígo quierido

Translation:

Dear Deer

Deer, deer
Brown and slim
Jumping and running
In the forest green
with antlers wide.

Where are you going?
Why not pass more slowly?

I want to be your friend.
Let's go to your shelter
We'll pass the time pleasantly
Surely, you're a gracious host
My friend, dear.

Elden Hulsey
Winner
Fourth Grade
Sally Hulsey, Teacher
Blue Elementary District No. 22

The Wave

The wave
sets free
a thousand restless soldiers
crashing the beach.
A furious march
to topple sand castles
gleefully constructed by children.
Crimson faced and laughing
as their castles are attacked,
they run screaming
from the advancing troops.
The wave retreats-
a truce is called
as the sand castles
are left to return
to the sand.

Kulwinder Singh
Winner
Fourth Grade
Mrs. Leona Frank, Teacher
Cartwright School District No. 83

DESERTED

The firefly moon shone on the silent streets.
The glow of owls eyes disappear into an ebony night.
Dark tumbledown houses stand alone in silence.
Trees mold in the dusty, slender road.
But the only thing alive is the existence of this place.
The pearl clouds swirled up in a gather of air
And drifted off in beauty.
While the feeling of love crosses all the heart.
Memories are forgotten with the silvery wind.
The only memory that is remembered
Is the gold star of life.
That stood above the deserted town.

Stacy Lowther
Finalist
Fourth Grade
Kathy Miller, Teacher
Washington School District

Nature's Beauty

The wind, so swift, rushing through the bleak night.
And suddenly, it is gone.

All is calm, as calm as if the night was
sleeping, as well as the townspeople.

And the moon, as silvery as a dime,
looks out upon the world.

The sun rises, as beautiful and orange as a
field of poppies.

But, alas, no one stops to notice the majestic,
orange beauty towering over everything.

For they are too tangled up their own lives,
as tangled as a grapevine.

If they would only realize,
they are missing a great deal.

Tamara Allen
Finalist
Fourth Grade
Mrs. Garrett, Teacher
Mesa Public School District

COLORFUL DESERTS

Mountains sitting tiredly with colorful
flowers surrounding them
Like little sisters annoying them.
Paths leading to a place with no danger,
Along those paths speed
scrawny road runners,
Sprinting into the flowers
like darting dustballs.
Purple,
Yellow,
Orange,
You will never regret going there.

Sara Kelley
Finalist
Fourth Grade
Mrs. Kathleen Turner, Teacher
Washington School District

Land

I am an Apache father,
This is my new land,
Proud is how I feel when I look at it,
With the eagles flying gorgeously above,
There is a light breeze hitting my rosy cheeks
and blowing my black hair.
The rocky and moss-covered ground under my feet,
And the big saguaro cactus nearby,
With the mountains and the sun just barely showing,
Also the deep blue lake full of trout,
The colorful sky is brilliant,
I can hear desert animals rustling in the bushes,
Far off I can hear the wave splattering against
the shore,
Next to me stand dazzling yellow flowers,
Brushing by me is prickly tumbleweed,
I can hear fluttering nearby,
Father mountain and brother clouds guide my path.

Stephani Butters
Finalist
Fourth Grade
Mrs. Judy Zarrelli, Teacher
Paradise Valley Unified School District

The Ocean

The ocean is a sea of
thoughts of a child with
a wild imagination, but if
you leave that imagination
behind, the ocean dries
up into a puddle of sorrow.

Shalla Samson
Finalist
Fourth Grade
Kerry Bundgaard, Teacher
Peoria Unified School District

SILENCE

Under a low
Sky no leaves
Falling about a
Silent sound of
a butterfly spreading
its wings to
fly in a
motionless sky.

Kallie Gough
Finalist
Fourth Grade
Mrs. Day, Teacher
Chandler Unified School District

My Grandfather

My grandfather was a sports fan and so am I
He called me his little doctor and that I was
When I went to see him he would always be watching sports
Every Sunday a priest would come visit him after mass
And give him communion,
and boy, did the priest love it
He said that they felt like brothers,
The night before he died, he said a prayer and I heard
it was beautiful.
I loved my grandfather
More than anything in this world
And nobody, I mean nobody,
Can replace my
GRANDFATHER.

Sean Gray
Finalist
Fourth Grade
Mrs. Claus, Teacher
Cottonwood-Oak Creek District No. 6

The Midnight Sky

At night when the full moon rises
If you live in the city. . .
you might hear the whistling of the wind.
If you live near a desert. . .
you might hear the howl of the coyote
or the hoot of the owl.
If you live near the forest. . .
you might hear the bristling of branches
of a deer running by.
But don't be afraid of the noise. . .
morning is coming by.

Craig J. Whitmer
Finalist
Fourth Grade
Deanna Juvera, Teacher
Mammoth/San Manuel Public Schools

Peaceful

Clouds floating by like water
Over the quiet mountains,
Waterfalls falling onto green moss,
Boulders around, being splashed with water
Lush scenes too beautiful to exist are all around
Water, stretching across the horizon
You are in an untold land of never-ending
Peacefulness

Jennifer Wilson
Finalist
Fourth Grade
Lori Markeson
Catalina Foothills School District No. 16

Dark is a Friend

It was nightfall
all I saw was black.
I had an interesting
feeling I thought
black was a warm color
but goosebumps and
chills came
up and down
my spine
one after another.
It felt nice to be
comfortable
outside
When especially you think
most bad things happen
outside
or out of sight
I saw that Outside
was not a
very bad place at all
I loved everything about
the dark
But when I was ready
to leave
the place
that I had found
I looked back
and saw that
dark was standing
still
waiting for my next
return.

Octavia Zepeda
Finalist
Fourth Grade
Mark Routhier, Teacher
Creighton Elementary School District

Spanish Language:

Apuro

Palomas volando, respirando
El viento soplando y soplando,
Refugio buscando,
Al campo llegaron.

En árboles se metieron.
Viento, lluvia esperaron.
Un ratito descansaron
Y luego se alejaron.

Translation:

On High

Pigeons flying, soaring
Wind blowing and blowing.
Safety they are seeking
Sanctuary reaching.

In branches they nested
As wind, rain abated.
Just briefly they rested
Then skyward they lifted.

Jose Silverio
Finalist
Fourth Grade
Mr. Hernandez, Teacher
Creighton Elementary School District

Spanish Language:

ABUELITA

Yo veo ojos brillosos.

Yo oigo una voz tierna.

Yo tiento arrugas en una cara suavecita.

Yo huelo fresas en su pelo.

Yo siento alegria de estar a su lado.

Abuelita

Translation:

GRANDMA

I see shiny eyes.

I hear a tender voice.

I feel wrinkles on her smooth face.

I smell strawberries in her hair.

I feel happiness when I'm by her side.

Grandma

Aide Herrera
Finalist
Fourth Grade
Mrs. Nancy Pina-Gray, Teacher
Creighton Elementary School District

The Desert

The desert, it's hot and dry.
Its mountains are majestic to the eye.
If you look very hard you can see
mines, copper, eagles, and stars.
All of these are not very far.
Ghost towns and Indian dwellings
cover its face.
Flies and dust take up little space.
Because the desert is so big
Nothing seems to take up space.
Rocks and stones, big and small
Can be harmful to a human fall.
There is no warning on the map
of what may happen.
Frogs and turtles munch on its plants
so softly to the human ear,
but to the turtle it sounds like a hammer to a nail.
Centipedes and scorpions burrow in its sand
while the muskrat feeds on the land.
Two little gerbils scurry across the plain
while a hawk dies in pain.
Water's so scarce. God designs these animals
so they get enough water from one tiny seed.

With the sky so blue
and the plant's cold dew -
the desert is so wonderful.
As the tumbleweeds tumble and the road runners run
mirages appear by the heat of the sun.
No one dares enter without some canteens
because if you only have one
you'll run out - and scream.
Now there are carcasses, big and small,
of animals that have died there.
An oasis is very rare.
And when it rains it is like a miracle
when Jesus turned the water to wine.
A little frog just laid its eggs in a puddle
so that when they're born they can muddle
in that puddle. Old mines and caves
are just some of the graves
for animals that have died there.
The desert is wonderful and it's beautiful, too.

Willie Luzader
Finalist
Fourth Grade
Susan Weiser, Teacher
Valley Cathedral Christian School

Spanish Translation:

"Mi Segunda Patria"

Me patria es Mexico,
Y cuando sali de alli,
Me Sentia muy triste,
Cuando vine aqui.

No era esta mi gente,
No era mi lenguage,
No tenia una amiga,
No tenia un pariente.

Pero un dia de pronto,
Al ir yo a la escuela,
Encontre en un rostro,
Solo cosas bellas.

Este lindo rostro,
Fue una buena guia,
Me Entrego dia a dia,
Toda la alegria.

Conoci esta patria,
Que hoy me da la vida,
Que hoy me da otro idioma,
Eres tierra mia.

Estados Unidos,
Nueva patria mia,
Te amo por tu gente,
Que hoy me da alegria.

Nubia Rivera
Finalist
Fourth Grade
Mr. Corella, Teacher
Roosevelt School District No. 66

Translation:

MY SECOND HOME

My fatherland is Mexico
And when I left it
I felt very sad
When I came here.

These were not my people,
This was not my language.
I didn't have any friends
I didn't have any relatives.

But one day soon
As I went to school,
I found in a face,
Only beautiful things.

This kind face
Was a wonderful guide.
It gave me day by day
Much happiness.

I learned about this country.
That today gives me life.
That gives me another language.
Today, this is my home.

United States,
My new country,
I love you for your people.
That today gives me joy.

Spanish Language:

EL DIA LLUVIOSO

El día de ayer
Era de color oscuro y con neblina
El sabor de ayer era a lluvia
El olor a tierra mojada
Sonaba la lluvia, los carros, y una
moto que pasaba
Se miraba la lluvia como las lágrimas
de un bebé
Me siento orgullosa de haber visto la lluvia.

Translation:

A RAINY DAY

Yesterday,
it was a dark and foggy day.
Yesterday, the taste was that of rain.
The smell of wet dirt.
The sound of rain, the cars and a motorcycle
going by.
The rain looked like the tears of a baby.
I am proud of having seen the rain.

Angelica Castro
Finalist
Fourth Grade
Christina García
Sunnyside Unified School District

SUPAI

Supai is a beautiful, wonderful place,
With blue green waters
Flowing by.
I can hear the wind blowing the water
Flowing by.
I am lying in the sand.
An ant comes and sits on my shoe.
I know that there is a secret rock high above.
It is the Wekeleva.
I know it watches over the people.
I wish there would be no more floods
Because it breaks down houses.
There is a secret place.
I know it is under the falls.
Suddenly, my picture turns blurry.
I am in the school
ready to go to breakfast.

Maureen Kaska
Finalist
Fourth Grade
J. Deswood, Teacher
Peach Springs District No. 8

THE BOY WITH NO BOTTOM

There once was a boy with no bottom,
Who lived in the country of Grotiham.
Orange and gold leaves
Always blew in the breeeze
For in Grottham, it always was Autumn.

Zlochkam Notto No-Bottom
Was born to a family WITH bottoms.
Their bottoms, you see,
Fell down to their knees
So they were quite pleased
That son, Zlochkam, had gotton NO bottom.

Now Zlochkam Notto No-Bottom
Was not quite so pleased with his bottom
For he could not be at ease
To sit by the trees
Watching TV or shooting the breeze
As poor Zlochkam had gotton no bottom.

Since Zlochkam had gotton no bottom,
He had a special kind of problem
For his trousers, you see,
Would fall to his knees,
And he looked like a sleeze.
Oh, how he was teased
For Zlochkam had gotton no bottom.

But the worst of his problem,
Poor Zlochkam Notto No-Bottom,
Was when he squeezed cheese
He only could sneeze
And the smell of that sneeze
Made his tummy all queezeed
So he fell to his knees
As poor Zlochkam had gotton no bottom.

Elijah Sparer
Finalist
Fourth Grade
Mrs. Spokes, Teacher
Sedona-Oak Creek Unified School District

DANCING IN MY IMAGINATIVE WORLD

Sometimes I feel like a fiery butterfly
Trying out my new wings.
Sometimes I feel like a blazing rainbow
Pushing away a priceless pot of gold.
Sometimes I feel like a sightless dewdrop
Falling on the muddy ground.
Sometimes I feel like a horrified bird
Struggling to feed her young.
Then I gaze into my life and know
That I am an astonished dreamer
Dancing exquisitely through
My imaginative world.

Kristen Sermeño
Finalist
Fourth Grade
Mrs. Cynthia Nowell, Teacher
Miami Unified School District No. 40

The Desert and I

As I look across the valley floor,
I can see the dancing dust devils.
Slowly setting behind the purple mountains
is the most fabulous sunset I've ever seen.

After a cool mist rain,
the parched desert seems to come alive.
The wonderful smell of the golden poppy,
and the fairy duster fill the spring air.

I could feel the fierceness
of the sun's rays descend upon me.
As I walk through the desert
I'm surrounded by its loneliness.

I listen to the stillness,
and hear the soft sands whispering in my ear.
A sleepy coyote howls at the moon,
and a distant clap of thunder leaves me breathless.

I've tasted the many fruits of
this fascinating place.
Mother Nature has done her job well,
And to think all this is here in ARIZONA.

Jonathan Baker
Finalist
Fourth Grade
M. Curry, Teacher
Tucson Unified School District

Emotions

I remember when
Happiness looked like
A dove soaring through
The night.
But now I realize
It's when you know your
Loved ones are healthy
And safe.

I remember when
Love smelled like
A rose bud blooming
Into a big, bright,
Beautiful flower.
But now I realize
It's when you have
A special tingling feeling
Inside your heart that tells you
You're in love.

I remember when
Misery felt like
A giant boulder falling on you
Crushing every bone in your body.
But now I realize
It's the world we're living in
With all the hate and the
Weapons.

I remember when
Excitement tasted like
A very sour grapefruit
That is about to make
Your taste buds explode,
But now I realize
It's when you find out your
Country has won the war.

I remember when
Loneliness sounded like
A band playing and then
Suddenly drifting away
Until there is no sound at all.
But now I realize
It's when your family is away.

Andreas Bonacci
Winner
Fifth Grade
Mrs. Evelyn Hulick, Teacher
Scottsdale School District

Spanish Language:

El Pizarron

En el pizarrón de tu corazón yo escribí un renglón
en el que decía que te quería con gran pasión.

Con el borrador de tu desprecio y sin razón,
tú me borraste sin ninguna explicación.

Y me contestaste con el gis de tu traición.
que tu querías a otra.

Y me destrosaste el corazón.

Tu me enseñaste, y me aprendí bien la lección.

Translation:

The Chalkboard

In the chalkboard of your heart I wrote a sentence
which said that I love you with lots of passion.

With the eraser of your scorn and without reason,
you erased me without an explanation.

Then you answered me, with the chalk of your treason
that you loved another.

You tore my heart apart.

You taught me, and I learned very well your lesson.

Rosy Urrea
Winner
Fifth Grade
Cliff C. Myrick, Teacher
Santa Cruz Valley Unified District No. 35

Panthers

I am like a panther in the night sky
With eyes of diamonds
Jumping over a pond of quiet turquoise fire
Landing with a sound of drums.

Jonathan Daer
Finalist
Fifth Grade
Peg Sudol, Teacher
Marana School District

THE RIVER THAT FLOWS ON FOREVER

The river that flows on forever
Is like my neverending life.

As I go through it step by step
Many obstacles fall into my place.

The river water, rough and smooth,
Makes me feel peaceful as it tumbles
through.

Through the land and around the hills
The water, my life, flows on forever.

Emily Packard
Finalist
Fifth Grade
Susie Gervais, Teacher
Gilbert Public Schools

Sisterhood

For my sister Jessie

I'll pull your hair, you'll stomp my toes.
I'll kick and punch, you'll give me a bloody nose.
When I call for help you'll slap my mouth shut.
Ohh! That will hurt.
So I'll bite your leg.
Even though you're bigger than me
We'll roll around upon the ground
With my foot in your mouth
And your knee in my eye.
Then we will get up, heavy breathing and all
I'll look at you and you'll look at me
and through all of this I only have one thing to say to you--
I LOVE YOU!

Marika Brown
Finalist
Fifth Grade
Mr. Chris Hain, Teacher
Fountain Hills Unified District

YOU ARE THE SKY

You are
the sky
the delicate sky,

With puffs
of white.

Birds fly up
into you.

They tickle you
with their wings of colored cotton.

Rozilyn Simon
Finalist
Fifth Grade
Mr. Verellen, Teacher
Mesa Public School District

THE GIRL

There was a girl I saw not too long ago
Her eyes were as blue as the ocean
Her hair goes down her back like water flowing down a hill.
So long and straight and golden, golden
    like the sun on a warm summer day.
Her skin as soft as rose pedals in spring
Her voice, like the purr of a soft gray kitten with her mother.
Her lips, as red as a big juicy apple
As she walks down the street,
    people stop, look and think.
If only they were that attractive—
And as they stand there wondering why they aren't—
Their eyes fill with tears.

Jill Brimley
Finalist
Fifth Grade
Jo Garrett, Teacher
Mesa Public School District

CLIFF HANGER

I hang
Between my future and my past.
I want to forget what I have been
And fear to face what I may become.
So I will hang here above the problems
of people.
Until my body will not hold me anymore,
And accept the fate of gravity
And then live the lifestyle of the people
That we call civilized.

Ted Monroe
Finalist
Fifth Grade
Pat Hansford, Teacher
Show Low Unified School District

THE MAJESTY OF MUSIC FROM A PIANO

With the majesty of music,
With the glory of a simple tune,
With the happiness of a melody,
With the grandness of a harmony,
I can sit at the piano,
And play it all forth.

When I play this wonderful instrument,
When I press down a key,
When I read music on a page,
And flawlessly bring forth what I see,
I feel as if suddenly,
I'm as light and carefree as a bird.

It's a wonderful feeling,
I'm a creator of a creation.
I have created
A story by music,
A story that can be told,
Many different ways.

I feel I've accomplished
Something so great.
It's a wonderful thing,
But practice it takes.
I must go and play,
For the day is wasting away.

Leanne Cannon
Finalist
Fifth Grade
Mr. Berger, Teacher
Maricopa County Accommodation School District

I'M NOT THE LITTLE GIRL I USED TO BE

I'm not the little girl I used to be.
Who is this girl who's come to be?
What does she know about life?
What does she know about death?

She see the world changing outside of her
And sees her world changing within her

Many times she tries to be who she's not.
Searching for the answers to the questions that await her.
Perhaps, she does not know this girl who's come to be.
Yet, she knows she's not the little girl she used to be!!!

Nicole F. Lara
Finalist
Fifth Grade
Mr. José Olivas, Teacher
Tucson Unified School District

MY BROTHER

I'm following in your footsteps,
Trusting you know the way.
As I follow behind you,
Your examples set the way.
When you feel me tugging,
It's because I'm lonely and afraid.
Please turn around and hug me,
Till my fears clear away.
I'm older, and now
I'm leading the way.
Thank you for being there
Every single day.

Shannon LaHood
Finalist
Fifth Grade
Jennifer Daggett, Teacher
Scottsdale School District

A KEY

A

key is something special.
it can open up your heart,
imagination and even your mind.
These are a few doors that it can open.
Keys can open new doors and old doors,
and if you got trapped behind a
door, you'd have the key
to get out.
Take my
advice.
Keep keys for
a long time.
Hide
them
and don't give
them away
to somebody.
Let them
find it
and
open
up the
door.

Raymond Michael Kilpatrick
Finalist
Fifth Grade
Dan C. Zanone, Teacher
Flagstaff School District

WINTER

Winter
Is a silent season in the forest.
Nothing is heard except
The snow falling.
Every animal is cuddled away,
Retiring from winter.

Stephanie Tozer
Finalist
Fifth Grade
Treva Abramson, Teacher
Scottsdale School District

Attic

In an attic you will find,
Things to open up the mind.
A dirty sock, an outgrown shoe,
Things that all were once
brand-new.
Things that have been lost
or broken,
A musty, dusty, Bingo token.
A teddy bear without one eye,
A kite that will no longer fly.
Even though up here they're
shoved,
Once these things were dearly
loved.

Jessica Rosen
Finalist
Fifth Grade
Mrs. Stirber, Teacher
Kyrene School District No. 28

Grandpa

I remember my
Grandpa
He was a tall
Indian man with silver hair

He was wise
He raised five children
One died-the rest are
Going one by one.

My grandpa loved people
especially kids
little kids like
little elves.

Now, it seems
like the family's
Falling apart
like
An apple falling from
a tree
One by one.

Soon our family tree
will not have
any leaves.

Daniel Hernandez
Finalist
Fifth Grade
Ms. Shireen Blair, Teacher
Murphy Elementary School District

Korean Language:

친구♡♡♡♡♡♡

나 멈추면 내가 너를 밀어주게...
너가 힘들때면 난, 너와
일을게.
너가 무엇을 찾을땐 내가 같이
주길라.
너가 슬프면, 내가 나의 웃음을
너가 기쁘면 난 너
노래를 해주길. 만약 친구가 없으
내가 놀아주고 도와줄게. 왜?
너의 친구니까.

Translation:

Friends, Dreams

When you are stopped,
I will push you.

When you are lonely,
I will always be with you.

When you don't have a friend,
I will play with you.

When you are searching for something,
I will be the guide.

When you are sad,
I will give you a smile.

When you are glad,
I will sing to you.

When you are glad,
I will celebrate you.

When you are hungry,
I will share my food with you.

Because I'm your friend.

Susan Cha
Finalist
Fifth Grade
Cliff Myrick, Teacher
Santa Cruz Valley Unified District No. 35

Korean Language:

꽃

내가 그의 이름을 불러 주기 전에는
그는 하나의 꽃에 지나지 않았다.

내가 그의 이름을 불러 주었을때
그는 내게 와서 나의 꽃이 되었다.

누가 내 빛깔과 향기에 알맞는
내 이름을 불러 주오.
나는 그에게로 가서 그의 꽃이 되고 싶다.

우리는 모두 무엇이 되고 싶다.
나는 너에게
너는 나에게
잊혀 지지 않는
하나의 의미가 되고 싶다.

The Flower

Before I called its name
It was only a thing.

When I called its name
It came to as a flower.

I wish someone came to me
and became my flower.

We all want to be special
I to you
You to me
We all want to be the unforgettable
meaning.

Kwee Yum Lee
Finalist
Fifth Grade
Sandra C. Libby, Teacher
Tucson Unified School District

The Silence in the Air

An elderly man sitting in an old wicker rocker
looks to his side at the
empty one beside him.
He tries to utter a sound to break the mournful
silence, but can't.
He bends over, and slow, silent tears fall from
his old wrinkled face.
The silence of a lost love_
the silence in the air. . .

A young woman laying at her deathbed sits up
slowly, and motions for
her preacher.
From the side of the door, he comes into the
room, holds her hand
reassuringly, and begins
a prayer.
His lips move, but the sound in the room
remains untouched.
He says the prayer over and over again
until the hand inside
his own becomes limp
and cold.
The silence of death _
the silence in the air. . .

An old lady with white hair wheels herself
into a room gradually.
She looks up at me with a smile_
a knowing smile.
Thinking back to the days when she was a
scholar, her graduation
diploma flashes before
her eyes.
The room still silent, she lowers her head
and nods, as if assuring
herself that she still
has the knowledge from
her younger days.
Lifting her hands from her lap, she places
them on the wheels
of her chair, and
once again exits through
the door she came in.
The silence of wisdom_.
the silence in the air. . .

A large round sun with a pink and purple
mist behind it rises
over mountains, announcing
its return.
Tall grand saguaro cacti cast newly-made shadows
on the ground.
Heavy boulders sit on the sandy desert.
The entire desert world seemed to be
stretching from the
long night's sleep.
The silence of a desert sunrise_
the silence in the air. . .

A young slave girl rises from her chair at the
beckon of her master.
Curtsying into the room, she smiles unnaturally.
Her heart filled with grief, for she knows
her life could be
much better.
Her eyes fill with tears but she quickly
blinks to stop the sorrow.
She knows that the color of her skin
should not label her,
yet she manages to
smile anyway.
After filling her master's request,
she leaves the room
to be by herself.
The silence of grief_
the silence in the air. . .

There are many silences in one's life.
There is the silence of intrigue
and the silence of
an illness.
The utter stillness of the air when a smile
finally appears on one's
face after a period
of grief.
The secrecy of when you have a moment
alone with yourself.
The quiet of a book or a poem.

. . .the silence in the air_

Jennifer Crelley
Winner
Sixth Grade
Mrs. Woodward
Madison School District

Spanish Language:

Sin Poder

Una carta que se le borraron las letras,
Unos lentes que ya no tienen vidrio,
En la cara de la viejita.
Unas pulseras que ya no brillaban,
Que ella ya no ponia.
Una mascara muy vieja,
Y una señora que no mas tenia un vestido viejo.
La silla de la viejita,
Y un libro muy viejo.
Ya no tienen poder.

Translation:

Without Strength

A letter with fading words,
Glasses without lenses
On the old woman's face.
Bracelets that no longer shine
That she no longer wears.
A very old mask
And a woman that no longer has an old dress.
The old woman's chair
And a very old book,
No longer have strength.

Roxanna Martinez
Winner
Sixth Grade
Mrs. N. Boreale
Santa Cruz Valley Unified District No. 35

People

People, People
Are everywhere
People love,
People care

Some people hit,
Some people hate
Some people get
their kids
taken from the
state

I am one of those kids
My mom was not very
smart
It almost seemed like
she didn't have a
heart

My mom took drugs
This is no lie
Sometimes when I thought
about it I would
really cry

But now I don't
feel so all alone
Because I'm in a
foster home.

Audrey Cooper
Finalist
Sixth Grade
Crystal Reedy, Teacher
Sunnyside School District

Rainbow Slide

If we hurry
    we won't miss our chance.
The raindrops are doing
    their favorite dance.
They waltz from the clouds
    and sprinkle the flowers.
The sun took a rest
    just for a few hours.
But now it is time
    for the ray to shine bright,
So come with me.
    The surprise is in sight!
We'll climb up
    the red, yellow and blue
For I want to slide
    down a rainbow with you.

Michael Contreras
Finalist
Sixth Grade
Susan Moore, Teacher
Washington School District

THE RODEO RIDER

The rodeo days are special to me,
Because I'm a rodeo rider you see.
It's lots of fun and exciting, too,
But that rowdy steer can injure you.
I won some prizes, and I was proud,
To hear my dad yell and scream out loud,
"Ride'em, boy, and don't let go!"
I knew I gave them all a show.
I love the rodeo, I love the steer,
But rodeo riding's not my career.
I plan to be a mechanical engineer.

Robert N. Ryan
Finalist
Sixth Grade
Dell Willman, Teacher
Altar Valley District No. 51

THE CAT

Did you see those eyes
glowing in the dark?
Those eyes were watching me
as I walked through the park.

At first I was afraid
and then I stopped to chat.
Then I looked beyond those eyes
and saw a calico cat.

I sat and watched a minute
staring at its eyes.
Then it started toward me
and I began to rise.

Then it came up to me
and examined me real close;
And climbed into my lap
as if I were its host.

I put my hand out to it
and rubbed gently on its head.
It purred and purred against me
until I finally said...

"Come with me home for dinner
I'll treat you to a feast,
A full turkey dinner
and potatoes at the least."

I picked it up and took it home
and made a little bed,
We ate our turkey dinner
until I said...

"Goodnight little cat
I think I'll call you Ted,
I'll give you my favorite blanket
that's checkered green and red.

Celeste Durham
Finalist
Sixth Grade
Mrs. Cyndy Homer, Teacher
Peoria Unified School District

Autumn in the Orchard, Fall in the Orchard

She walks along with a gentle breeze
As she strolls softly through the field.
In her wake she leaves a trail
Of auburn, copper, gold, and sienna.
She is fall.

The leaves she turns to many colors.
All of them flair with her sensational touch.
The grass;
Its golden peaked ends,
Crush with a rustle.
She is autumn.

The small grey squirrels,
With their great bushy tails,
Gather up nuts
To store for the winter to come.

The orchard birds
All fly around
Gathering seeds
In their tall tree towers.

She walks along with a gentle breeze
As she strolls softly through the field.
In her wake, she leaves a trail
Of auburn, copper, gold and sienna.
She is autumn,
She is fall.

Na'ama Tubman
Finalist
Sixth Grade
Levia Del Quadro, Teacher
Topock School District No. 12

UNNOTICED

Remember the small things;
The squeal of a mouse
Is sometimes more powerful
Than the roar of a lion.
The gurgle of a brook
Is sometimes more intriguing
Than the swish of an ocean wave
Never underestimate the power of gifts
Unnoticed.

Jodi Bender
Finalist
Sixth Grade
Nancy Southern, Teacher
Kyrene School District No. 28

Visions

Every night as I lay in bed
Horrible visions fill my head.

Math problems linger in my mind.
I look for solutions I cannot find.

Spelling words dance before my eyes.
The letters look like small black flies.

Science tests move at a quick pace.
They often stop to laugh in my face.

I am filled with a horrible fear
When Social Studies worksheets whisper in my ear.

In the morning when I awake,
I begin to tremble, I begin to shake.

For these visions that I fear
Become part of school which is drawing near.

OH, NO!

Michelle Civalier
Finalist
Sixth Grade
Mrs. Mary Ryan, Teacher
Chandler Unified School District

Mimi's Fingers

I am blind. All that I can see
My enchanted fingers bring to me.
As if all sight were mingled with all touch.
I do not mind not seeing very much.
In Braille I read the words these fingers trace,
And with them come to know your smile, your face.
The fabric of each suit and dress you wear;
All shapes, all sizes, how long, how far, how high;
How round a bowl, how gently curved the sky.
How pointed the far tip-top of a hill,
The narrow table of a window sill.
I know a snowflake as a melting star.
The sticky thick of honey and tar.
Color alone my fingers cannot do.
Could you, would you, tell me about blue?

Bethel Nicholas
Finalist
Sixth Grade
Mike Strole, Teacher
Peoria Unified School District

CHAINS

I HEAR THE RATTLE OF BEARING CHAINS,
I FEEL THE SORROW OF DYING SLAVES.

I SEE THEM,
THEY ARE BEAUTIFUL,
BLACK AS NIGHT.
I SEE THEM,
THEY ARE CRUEL,
WHITE AND LIGHT

BURNT DOWN VILLAGES,
DARK AND SAD.
SMALL SLAVE SHIPS,
SHALLOW AND CRAMPED.

I HEAR THE RATTLE OF BEARING CHAINS,
I FEEL THE SORROW OF DYING SLAVES.

Rachel Bernard
Finalist
Sixth Grade
Richard Lippman, Teacher
Tucson Unified School District

I Am Homeless

I walk a dark street
where I am alone.
I sleep in a box
because I have no home.
I have tears everyday.
I have tears every night.
My stomach needs food
but there is none in sight.
I am a homeless child
and I have no home.
So please help me
because I am all alone.

Tracey Kennedy
Finalist
Sixth Grade
Mrs. Susan Truax, Teacher
Scottsdale School District

ME

I'm only me
just a simple-minded student with a goal,
A thought I have known
since Black Beauty was only a foal,
Am I like Scarlett O'Hara,
The gorgeous Southern belle of Tara?
I may have the same
thoughts, worries and schemes,
Yet she and I differ
so much in our means,
For while she sits
in parlors, sipping iced tea,
I spend my time
getting people to notice me.
Or am I like Sam,
the hobbit, so faithful and loyal,
It could not be, for it is not long
before my patience begins to soil.

So what am I?
Who am I?
What will I do?

It's all up to me,
not just to you.
I get so much pleasure
from reading a book,
That I have to hold myself back
from getting just one more look.
While other children were learning
to fly a kite,
I was curled up on a couch,
reading by a tiny light.
Literature is
what I love the best,
Because, to me,
that stands out above the rest.
And I have a dream,
like King, Lincoln and Lee,
Yet my dream reflects
more of me.
Maybe I differ
from all the rest,
Or maybe I am only
an annoying pest.
Yet I know there is something
special about me,

But that is in the future,
too far away for me to see.
I want a book
that bears my name,
And from what I see,
it isn't going to be the same.
I want people
to gasp at me and smile,
So I will know
I made their lives worthwhile.

For long ago, late at night,
I decided
what I wanted to do.
I wanted to write.

Erin L. Mahoney
Finalist
Sixth Grade
Karen L. Hunter, Teacher
Pendergast School District No. 92

Nascar

With a Chevy engine and a Pontiac head,
Goodyear Eagle tires, no tread.
Uniden and Mellow Yellow
are the sponsors of this fellow.
Kyle Petty is his name,
he leaves his slicks in skids of flame.

Diehard, Winston cups of fame,
contribute to the Petty name.
When the checkered flag is coming down,
Kyle Petty hammers down.

The crowd that gathers at Victory Lane
often acts quite insane.
They throw the roses and spray the wine,
they think that it's about time.

Then there's the woman kissing,
older racers reminiscing,
When this young man was just a kid,
and racing go-karts was all he did.

Brian Hunt
Finalist
Sixth Grade
Dennis Duncan, Teacher
Bagdad Unified School District

Once I Made A Train

I made a train with boxes,
With cans and skates and string.
I even put a bell on top.
My train had everything!

I pushed my train along the track.
It started very well,
But all at once my sister came
To take away the bell.
Then Mother took the cans away,
My brother took the string,
My dad took skates and boxes.
They didn't leave a thing!

Once I had a little train
That started down the track,
But then it met my family
And it never did come back.

Marcus Kelly
Finalist
Sixth Grade
Mr. Root, Teacher
Peoria Unified School District

That Cereal Killer

I saw that cereal killer.
I saw him holding a stake.
I saw him kill a box of Cheerios.
He better stay away from my Corn Flakes.
I saw that cereal killer
And his gang killed Captain Crunch.
They killed him yesterday
Right after lunch.

Zack Brown
Finalist
Sixth Grade
Elizabeth Arnot-Hopffer, Teacher
Tucson Unified School District

Korean Language:

눈 길

눈이 소복히 쌓인 눈길에
발자국들이 걸어갔다.

우화, 운동화, 구두,
정다웁게 나란히 걸어갔다.

발자국들이 남긴
이야기들이
눈부시게
햇빛에 빛난다.

Translation:

A SNOW-COVERED ROAD

Footprints were on the snow-covered road.

Boots, sneakers and dress shoes
walking side by side as friends.

A story that the footprints left behind are
shining in the snow

Eunjin Oh
Finalist
Sixth Grade
Mrs. Whitehurst
Scottsdale School District

BUNJI JUMPING

I get in a balloon,
and sail into the sky.
As I go higher,
I yell, "Goodbye!"
I strap on my gear,
and a bunji cord.
As I look down,
I think, "Oh Lord."
The ground is so far away
that I can barely see it.
I think that I see my house,
Can that be it?
I'm scared to death.
I'm going to die.
I think only birds,
Were meant to fly.
As I'm falling,
I'm really frightened
I wish before this,
I was enlightened.
Next thing I know,
I'm on the ground.
And I think to myself,
"That was profound."

Nic Bewsey
Finalist
Sixth Grade
Ms. Susan Koester
Chandler Unified School District

Spanish Language:

PAPA CUANDO

Papá, cuando yo sea grande,
quiero ser igual que tú.
Tener igual tu sonrisa y tu mirada,
tocar como tu tocas la guitarra.
Salir en el coche temprano,
y firmar muchas firmas,
voy a seguir tu ejemplo, paso a paso.

Pero lo que no me gusta,
que después de tomar unos vasos de vino,
nos pegas, nos regañas sin motivos.
A mi pobre madre le gritas tanto.
Quiero ser igual que tú,
pero no me gusta hacer sufrir a los que amo.

Translation:

FATHER, WHEN

Father, when I grow up
I want to be just like you.
I want to have your smile and look,
play the guitar just like you play,
go out in the car early in the morning,
and sign many signatures.
I am going to follow your footsteps,
step by step.
But the only thing I do not like
is that after you have had a few
glasses of wine,
you hit us, and you scold us for no reason.
You yell so much at my poor mother.
I want to be just like you,
but I do not like to make the people I love
suffer.

Joanna Orendain
Finalist
Sixth Grade
C. Salcido, Teacher
Sunnyside Unified School District No. 12

CONFRONTATION

The Bear: tremendous,
looming, power
Towering over
the Cat: bantam, dwarfed,
vulnerable
Crouches below.

They draw closer.

Eyes meet and hold
Cat's sparkling,
hypnotic blues
fearlessly defends
her wounded
companion.
Inquisitive, bewildered
Bear eyes growling
to protect her
whimpering cub.

Both animals grow tired,
both motionless.
the Bear on her hind
legs,
the Cat ready to
spring.

The Bear blinks.

The stillness is broken.
Cat cautiously
creeps forward.
The threatening giant
retreats, inch by
inch.

The Cat: triumphant,
loyal, and ever so
brave
stands lashing its tail
in victory.
The Bear: diminished,
receding, and caring
for her cub.

Ben Barkins-Wilkins
Winner
Seventh Grade
Charlotte Larson, Teacher
Tempe Elementary District No. 3

Spanish Language:

El Nido

Lo vi una mañana
traía en el pico
un poco de paja,
pajitos de trigo.

Miraba los árboles
Estaba indesiso
buscaba sin duda
cuál sería el sitío
más bello y oculto
para hacer su nido.

Eligío el más bello,
un árbol florido.
Se arrancó las plumas
de su buche tibio,
y empezó su obra
aquel pajarito,
con tanta constancia
y tanto artificio,
que me dije a solas,
después de un suspiro
¡Ho, cuanta paciencia
para hacer un nido!

Translation:

The Bird's Nest

I saw it one morning.
She had it in her beak
A little bit of straw,
straw of wheat.

She would look at the trees.
She was undecided;
She looked for what without a doubt,
would be the place
most beautiful and hidden
to make her nest.

She chose the most beautiful,
flowery tree.
She pulled out the feathers
from her warm throat,
and started her work,
the bird,
with such determination,
and such skill,
that I said to myself, after a sigh;
Ho, what patience to make a nest!

Sylvia Betancourt
Winner
Seventh Grade
Marian Fritsch, Teacher
Glendale Elementary District

THE ATTIC

Mysterious memories lay,
Waiting for the lonely souls,
To come and recapture,
Their happiness or grief.

Its treasures wrapped in dust,
Sit dwindling away,
With each desolate day.

Old dreams and fantasies,
Trapped never to be discovered.

The abandoned attic,
looms beckoning for company,
But all remains,
In foreboding solitude.

Jodie Stout
Finalist
Seventh Grade
Mr. James McCurdy, Teacher
Peoria Unified Schools

RUBIES AFIRE

I spurt up, it seems from nowhere,
Beckoned from a stick of wood.
Then placed carefully in a pile,
Like an epidemic I spread, as I should.

I blaze high in a range of random colors,
Like lava caught in a jar,
Hundred of red-orange-silver birds,
Fly from me, turn grey; die, but still are.

When I am about to cease, I look
Like a treasure chest full of topaz and rubies,
  throbbing with ever-changing color.
Laying on my deathbed of darkness and void,
My enemy, water, comes to wisk me away;
  make me no more.

I hiss wildly at this cool, clear weapon.
White steam becomes my only soul.
These last wisps are my desperation after I am gone,
And I wait for a person to come again as I lie
  in this stone-surrounded hole.

Athena Johns
Finalist
Seventh Grade
Gloria Lloyd
Creighton Unified District

A LONG STEP IN THE SAND

Barefoot, her foot touched the warm sand
as the ocean's tide brought up a starfish.
With her foot still up in the air
she threw it into the waves.
Her pink nails glinting in the sun
closed into her hand.
In the wink of an eye a sea turtle surfaced
and stared at her with its sad eyes.
As it went under, the water swirled
and she put her foot down,
down into the warm sand.

Sara Steele
Finalist
Seventh Grade
Mr. Randy Gray, Teacher
Paradise Valley School District

A PAST TO SMILE ABOUT

Happiness is the memories of a happier time
when I was a little girl
and I took bubble baths,
when I used to bring home gold stars
on scribbled pictures
and there was always someone to praise me.
When I would sleep with all of my stuffed animals
so none of them would feel left out.
When throwing a piece of bread in the water
and watching a duck gobble it up
would make me smile
and laugh.
A time when double rainbows
truly brought good luck
because there really were
two pots of gold at the end.
And when a building block tower
was a wonder of the world.

Now the bubbles have popped,
the scribbles have faded,
and the gold stars are A's.
The teddy bear is limp,
and the ducks are satisfied.
The rainbow is singular,
and the blocks knocked down.
But up on a high shelf
are the secrets of my life,
and whenever I feel sad,
I reach up, and bring down
my childhood. . .
to play with it!

Jessica Emerson
Finalist
Seventh Grade
Janice McGinnis, Teacher
Tucson Unified School District

The Flamingo

The flamingo,

Graceful and still,

Wades alone

In soft

Green marsh.

Plumed in pink,

It stands

On one, long leg--

A charm,

A blowing bubble

About to burst.

With carved bill

like a black, shiny hook,

It snatches a shellfish,

Swallows

Tender flesh

Through thin

Curved throat, and flames to coral,

While black,

Cool, coal eyes

Roll

Like glass marbles.

Celina Ramirez
Finalist
Seventh Grade
Mike Scherf, Teacher
Catalina Foothills District No. 16

Slave Of The Power

I was riding
fast,
very fast.
Hearing the wind blow by me.
The wind was like
slippery fingers trying to grab me.
I felt petrified,
not knowing if I had any control over the bike.
Not knowing if I had any control over anything.
The bike
was an overconfident tiger,
it did as it pleased
just as life does.
Perhaps I was trying to escape,
from real life,
just for a brief moment.
but found myself right in the middle of it.
A victim of the power that loomed in the bike.

Robbie Maze
Finalist
Seventh Grade
Eileen Snook, Teacher
Glendale Elementary School District No. 40

FROM AN INSTRUMENT

For hours,
In the dark, I wait.
Finally the case opens,
He wakes me from my restless sleep,
Takes me out,
Looks me over,
Then starts practicing.
With scales
As he blows I shriek a lot.
While I'm thinking,
"He needs practice,"
The blowing wakes me fully.
He starts into a song,
A hypnotic melody.
I am sure I am dying.
He keeps playing
On
and
On.
The music is rewarding.
He is breathing life into my soul.

Michael Whyman
Finalist
Seventh Grade
Gloria Lloyd, Teacher
Creighton School District

THE LONELY MAN

The lonely man,
haunted by his memories,
walks down
the deserted train tracks.
He reflects,
"Where did I go wrong?"
he asks the silence.
"How did I ruin my life?"
The last rays
of golden sun
flicker out,
and his fragile hopes
die with the
fading light.
The indifferent world
hurls needles of rain.
He pulls his thin coat
closer around
his weary body
and trudges on
desperately in search
of food and shelter.
His pockets are empty,
and he is hungry.

Emily Vaughan
Finalist
Seventh Grade
Mrs. Betty Munziger, Teacher
Kyrene School District No. 28

GRANDMA

Sometimes I wonder -
Sometimes I wish
I could see you one last time
To see if you've aged or not,
To feel your warm and loving hands,
To hear your sweet voice
And to tell you how much I love and miss you
But I bet you already know.

Sometimes I wonder -
Sometimes I wish
You could watch me go to school
Or sit next to me at home
Or even kiss me goodnight,
But I guess I'll never know.
But when I look at my rug that you made for me
I'll always think of you.

Justine Brown
Finalist
Seventh Grade
Marie Cantrell
Holbrook School District No. 3

SU

HIKING

They say that hikes are glorious fun,
He who says that has never been on one.
Why go out of your way to follow a dim track,
With three metric tons of gear on your back?

If you want something to eat to make you feel perky,
You can be sure you'll be offered dried-up beef jerky.
Eating powdered spaghetti in a styrofoam cup,
And endless trail mix will make you want to throw up.

And then will come the best part of all,
It's when the rain begins to fall.
You can't see the trail as you slip and slide,
But, of course, there is nowhere for you to hide.

When everyone decides to stop and make camp,
You'll hope your bed is not very damp.
But as you climb in your bed, you'll begin to shiver.
It'll feel as though it had been thrown in the river.

You'll be freezing and wet all through the night,
Waiting hours to feel the sun's warming light.
Suddenly you'll wish you were home in your bunk,
Because at that moment you'll smell a skunk.

So the next time your friends want to do something fun
And a backpacking trip is suggested by one.
Remember my tale full of misery and woe
And tell them, "No way on this earth will I go!"

Elizabeth Haws
Finalist
Seventh Grade
Andrea Golden, Teacher
Washington School District

OLD ONE

Hello, Old One, Hello
How was your day?
Was it as good or as bad as any before?
How long will you stay
on this Earth full of peace, love, war and hate?
When you were young did you play
any sports like baseball, basketball or football?
Was the world different in so many ways?
There was war. . .
There was peace. . .
There was love. . .
There was hate. . .
How do you survive this
complicated and confusing place?
How does it feel to see
your whole life pass in front of you?
How does it feel to feel to be hooked up to a
life support?
Tubes stuck in your nostrils,
I.V. medicine stuck in your arm,
hearing the constant beeping
resounding throughout the room.
The beep has stopped.
Goodbye, Old One, Goodbye
How was your day?

Tyler Davis
Finalist
Seventh Grade
Barbara Preston, Teacher
Madison School District

Spanish Language:

En La Orilla de un Rió

Sentado a la orilla
de un tranquilo rio
Mirando nadar los pececillos
Mientras soplaba un aire frío

En el agua hay dos hojitas
moviendose de un lado al otro
De repente hubo un viento llevandose una hojita
y la otra se quedo muy triste y solita

En el oceáno hay muchas tortugas
poniéndo sus huevos
y entrando al oceáno de nuevo
con cariño y ternura

Translation:

Sitting on the edge of a tranquil river
watching the fish swim
while the cold wind blew

In the water are two leaves
Moving from side to side
Suddenly the wind takes one
Leaving the other sad and lonely

In the ocean there are many turtles
laying their eggs
and swimming into the sea anew
filled with loving care and tenderness

Roberto Ibañez
Finalist
Seventh Grade
John Goddard, Teacher
Murphy School District No. 21

GUITAR STRINGS

The crying of the guitar
Releases my need of aloneness.
I try to feel indifferent,
But the sound
Just sweeps me in a dream.

The crying of the guitar
Sings a soft lullaby to my heart.
My senses are jaded and misted over.
My thoughts slowly fade away,
And I find myself in a dream.

The crying of the guitar
Stops as suddenly as it came.
The mist lifts,
And I can think again
As I awaken from my dream.

Jennifer Black
Finalist
Seventh Grade
Mrs. Jill Richard, Teacher
Maricopa County Accommodation School District

Marshallese Language:

Ne Ejab etenak

Ne Ejab etenak
ej enwot kelek Bao
ak ban.

Ne Ejab etenak
ej enwot eman
ak elelok an jerbal.

Ne Ejab etenok
ej enwot keboa
ak ejelok keru.

Ne Ejab etenok
ej enwot keke
ak ejelok emum.

Ne Ejab etenok
ej enwot kelok
ak ejelok balun.

Ne Ejab etenok
ej enwot Buffalo eo ej ettor
ak ejelok nan.

Translation:

Life Without Dreams

life without dreams
is like flying fish
without wing.

life without dreams
is like man
without a God.

life without dreams
is like hunting
without a dog.

life without dreams
is like sleeping
without house.

life without dreams
is like flying
without airplane.

life without dreams
is like running buffalo
without legs.

David David
Finalist
Seventh Grade
Gui-lian Li
Tempe Elementary District No. 3

A Memory of Time

My soul leaps and
splashes through
golden waters of
music.

A cold wind blows my
heart through
dirty leaves.

I am lost in a world of
gates and bridges;
puddles of emotions
dry as sand.

Searching among bare
cottonwood trees for
colored ponies, that I may
climb on one's back,
smooth back a
wispy mane, and
travel to the words
I have heard in a
whisper.

Old-fashioned lantern
perched on a
wooden fence,
peering through the
tall rocks and
weeds.

I am immersed in an
invisible cloud.

I seek the light of a
fire that I may
taste and smell.

I weave my
song into a
highway to heaven;
silver hawks guide my
path.

I am twisting the
braids of time
between my fingers.

Dreams are reality;
I will be silent
forever.

Liisa Nylund
Winner
Eighth Grade
Ron Michalak, Teacher
Catalina Foothills District

Spanish Language:

Una vez pase por tu casa
y me aventastes un ladrillo,
voy a pasar todos los días,
para construir un castillo.

Translation:

One day I passed by your house
And you threw a brick at me
I am going to pass by your house
everyday so I can build a castle.

Juan Carlos Perez
Winner
Eighth Grade
Mrs. Debra Wheelis, Teacher
Washington Elementary School District

The China Doll

A china doll sits on my shelf,
Watching my every move,
With mischief in her green glossy eyes,
Who knows what she does when we are away.
Does she walk around stretching her delicate
china legs?
Does she dust off her emerald green velvet dress
with the white fur trim?
She might fix her dark brown hair with a slight curl,
Who knows?
I never pick her up and talk to her
In fear of breaking her delicate china body,
But I fear she knows everything about me.

Sarah King
Finalist
Eighth Grade
Ms. Doris Stotler, Teacher
Amphitheater Public Schools

The Dark's Lament

Cold wind blows across the range.
Sight of shadow, looking strange.
Fear is certain,
Pull the curtain,
Before the dark is back again.

Shadows dancing in the night,
At the jagged edge of firelight.
Wind is wailing;
It's self-impaling,
At the jagged edge of firelight.

And in the light of darkest rooms,
Silence bleeding like a wound.
Silence shouting,
Time rerouting,
Prophesying violent doom.

See the smile on fire's face,
Forces light and dark to embrace.
Fire grinning,
Mindless spinning,
Moving in unholy grace.

Deep within an evil churns.
Deep within a fire burns.
Deep inside,
I run and hide,
For the darkness has returned.

Erin O'Donnell
Finalist
Eighth Grade
Valeri Angus, Teacher
Mesa Public School District

I AM

I am a young girl with hopes, wishes, and dreams,
In a world, very beautiful it seems.

I am a poet who writes true and beautiful things,
I am a bird with graceful wings.

I am an eagle with powerful sight,
I am a dolphin that swims at night.

I am a unicorn with magical powers,
I am a rose, a delicate flower.

I am the water that fills the seas,
On a hot summer's day, I am a cool breeze.

I want to be a genius that knows very much,
I want to be a doctor with the healing touch.

I am the sun that burns bright in the day.
I am a child that loves to play.

I am a star that shines in the night sky,
I AM A DREAMER WHOSE DREAMS NEVER DIE!

Joni Francis
Finalist
Eighth Grade
Louisa Kondylis, Teacher
Balsz School District No. 31

My Mother Lets Me Eat ...

My mother lets me eat,
Nothing good or sweet.
Vegetables and dairy,
Meat and fruits that's scary!

Not to have a candy bar
And peanut butter by the jar.
But carrots, celery, broccoli, too.
I think I'm sick, how 'bout you?

If I would eat the junk she cooks,
I'd lose my beautiful, healthy looks.
I'm sticking with my potato chips,
Soda pop and assorted dips.

I mean, she eats green beans and slime,
Liver and yogurt all the time.
And, if I ate her cheese with mold,
I'd look like her (really old).

Hey, lets sneak out for chocolate shakes,
And Little Debbie's snacking cakes.
Then you'll sleep better, I think you'll find,
Without smelly broccoli on your mind.

Catherine Franco
Finalist
Eighth Grade
Janie Norman, Teacher
Pendergast School District

THE ROSE

Dressed in red velvet,
Crowned with diamond dew -
Or perhaps white satin;
It's really up to you.
She bends with the wind
And is still fair,
Gentle, and meek.
But beware -
She may be soft
But she has thorns
Like a devil sometimes,
But without horns.
Peacefully she stands
Far from the sun above.
Then she's plucked from her world
As a symbol of love.

Katie Cooke
Finalist
Eighth Grade
Mrs. Jill Richard, Teacher
Maricopa County Accommodation School District

Spanish Language:

Mi Hermosa Flor

Sembré una
semilla en
mi jardín,
esperaba anciosamente
que despertara de tierno
sueño
Pero al fín que despertó y
observe cuidadosamente
y miré que iba creciendo
una linda flor
no brotaba porque
todavía no acababa de preparar
su belleza al
abrigo de su
envoltura verde
Elejía con cuidado sus
colores y se vestía
lentamente
No quería descubrir
sus hermosos petalos
porque no quería que
la vieran estropeada
Quería ser la atención de
todos.

Translation:

My Beautiful Flower

I planted a seed in my garden
And I anxiously waited for it to
Wake up from its sweet dream.
Finally when it woke up
I carefully observed it
And I saw that a beautiful flower
was growing from it.
It wasn't blooming yet
since its beauty wasn't yet ready
inside the warmth of its green wrapping.
It was carefully choosing its colors
and it was slowly dressing itself.
It didn't yet want to open
its beautiful petals because
it didn't want to see her fading
She wanted everybody's attention.

Yolanda Jimenez
Finalist
Eighth Grade
Mrs. Wiechens, Teacher
Glendale Elementary School District No. 40

Vietnamese Language:

HƯỜNG XƯA

Người ơi! Một chiều nắng tỏ vàng hiên hoà
hồn có mơ xa.
Người ơi! Đường xa quá con đường về bóng
dìu mấy thuyền đò.
Còn đó bóng tre êm ru.
Còn đó bóng đa hẹn hò,
Còn đó những đêm sao mờ hồn ta mênh mông
nghe sáo vi vu.
Người ơi! Còn nhớ mãi trưa nào thổi nắng
vàng buồm lên ao
Người ơi! Còn nhớ mãi tiếng ru êm êm buồn
tuông ca dao.
Còn đó tiếng khung quay tơ
Còn đó cánh diều vật vờ
Còn đó, nói bao nhiêu lời yêu thương
đến hiếp nào cho vừa.

Translation:

In Memory of Our Old Time

Oh friend! Have you ever dreamt a far away
dream when the sun was setting, splashing its
golden thread earthward?

The road to our village was too far, there
were some boats
There still were bamboo bushes
There still were the banyan trees
There still were gloomy starry nights. . .
Our mind followed the sweet sound
of somebody's flute.
Can you remember some afternoons
playing by the pond, the yellow butterflies,
the kites flying and the sound of the
shuttle running?

Tuan Quach
Finalist
Eighth Grade
Leona Tatlow, Teacher
Glendale Elementary School District No. 40

The Majestic Wave

They say one trickle of water
Is the beginning of a huge wave
Ominously towering everything below
As animals small and large
Gape and awe its power.
Peering down while at its
Highest peak, foam collecting
At the sides, it sees the world.
A world that is weak and dying,
Thinking that the only pure thing in
The world is itself. As it marvels
At its glorious power, full of grace
And beauty, it all comes crashing down,
Dying.
Now only a sea of foam.

Laurie Hurley
Finalist
Eighth Grade
Margaret O'Bert, Teacher
Alhambra Elementary District

THE COLOR STORM

The sky was like a great piece of lead
that hung in the air.
Just a few minutes before,
an Italian blue rain poured like cats and dogs.
Now, the sky is clearing to a turquoise blue.
The colors are vivid.
Slowly, an intense rainbow arches across the sky.
The ink and ashen-colored clouds
float away to make room for the new ivory clouds,
and the sunlight peeks through.
All around, there are chocolate puddles
as thick as pudding.
The children have on their variegated, plaid, and striped
swimming suits, playing in the puddles and mud,
turning the suits they wear to a dull cocoa color.
Soon, the puddles dry up,
and only the cracks in the ground remain
to remind us of the rain.

Jeanae Lines
Finalist
Eighth Grade
Pamela Starkey, Teacher
Crane School District No. 13

DANDELION

Once a young, beautiful
Golden princess,
She turned ugly
And shriveled away.

When she died,
She left behind
Her small babies,
Fully equipped with
Their downy white
Parachutes,
Open like umbrellas.

The young ones sit
And wait for their
Chance to see the world
A gust of wind
Or a curious animal
Will set them free.

They wind and spin
Towards the tall
Sharp, green blades
The earth, brown and
Soft protects the children
And lets them grow.

Jennifer Kirkwood
Finalist
Eighth Grade
B. Cooper, Teacher
Scottsdale School District

Grandma

My Grandma always brought me things,
She always thought of something neat.
She came to visit quite a lot,
It was really quite a treat.

She liked to play inside and out,
Loved Christmas, Easter, Hallowe'en,
Rummy, Uno, and Tic-Tac-Toe,
It seemed that she liked everything.

Then one day she got real sick,
And couldn't visit anymore.
We went to her house instead,
We talked, had fun and laughed galore.

Her blood was bad, she couldn't breathe,
But asked if she could go outside.
She heard birds, and saw the trees,
Breathed fresh air, went for a ride.

Then the ambulance took her away,
We said good-bye and came back home.
It wasn't long and Grandma died,
But she will never be alone.

I'm happy just because I know
That she's as happy as can be.
She lives in heaven with her friends,
And is waiting just for me.

Seth Pierce
Finalist
Eighth Grade
Mrs. Cindy Emmett, Teacher
Clarkdale-Jerome School District No. 3

Spanish Language:

REFLEXIONES

Voy a tratar de escribir un poema
aunque mi ignorancia es mucha
pero mi intención es buena.

Podría hablar de las cosas bellas
que nos ofrece la vida
pero existen nubes negras
que amenazan la paz de un nuevo día.

Más sin embargo me conmueve
el cantar de un jilguero
al despertar en la mañana
que en su canto parece decir.

Animo, hoy comienza un nuevo día
nace una nueva esperanza.
No más guerra, mo más envidia,
no más hambre, no más ignorancia.

Pero es tan triste la realidad
al saber que en este mundo
existe gente que practica lo contrario
Señor, vamos a acabar con guerras
hambres y desconfianzas.

Dios, pon un poco de tu sabiduría
y dále a la gente mala
el alma y sentir del jilguero
para que en cada amanecer
para mí sea sincero
y en este mundo exista paz y confianza.

Translation:

REFLECTIONS

I am going to try to write a poem
even though I am very ignorant
but my intention is good.

I could talk about beautiful things
that life has to offer us
but dark clouds do exist
that threaten a new day's peace.

Although, I am moved
by the song of a goldfinch
as I wake up in the morning and
which song seems to say:

Cheer up, today a new day begins,
a new hope is born
No more war, no more envy,
no more hunger, no more ignorance.

But reality is so sad,
to know that in this world
persons exist who practice
the opposite. God, let's
end these wars, the hunger
and mistrust.

God, give some of your wisdom
and give bad people the soul
and feeling of the goldfinch
so that each morning
it will be sincere for me
and that there be peace and trust
in this world.

Erick Oliva
Winner
Ninth Grade
Raul Hodgers, Teacher
Sunnyside Unified District No. 12

A GIFT TO THE HUMAN RACE?

I live with no purpose, but spreading my name.
I thrive off of misery, leaving others with pain.
I see only colors like yellow, white, or brown.
I think of myself as an artist, but my pictures only bring frowns.
My palate separates colors distinctly in permanent cells.
I feel I'm immortal, but only time can tell.
My fingers creep into your mind, molesting your individuality.
Then my feet stomp on your feelings with relentless brutality.
You may think I'm obsolete, or soon I will fall;
But everyone knows, I'm the prejudice that lurks in us all.

Hilary Halstead
Winner
Ninth Grade
Sandra Harper, Teacher
Prescott Unified District No. 1

Water

a
single
drop of
water dripping
in the sink keeps
me awake with a drip
dripping sound as it
plunges down into
the dark abyss
of the night.

Camille Kershner
Finalist
Ninth Grade
Mrs. Erich/Mr. Allen, Teachers
Tanque Verde School District No. 13

Spanish Language:

Nuestro Planeta Tierra, Para Hoy y Para Siempre

Tenemos que cuidar nuestro planeta,
Pues es el unico que tenemos.
Dios nos dio la Tierra
Para que en ella moremos.

El planeta Tierra
Lo tendremos para siempre,
Desde en nacer,
Hasta la muerte.

Entonces yo me hago
Esta sola pregunta,
¿Por que no cuidarlo
Desde aqui, y para nunca?

Hay mucho que
Se puede hacer.
Por ejemplo, el reciclar
Es nuestro deber.

Botellas de refresco,
El periodico de la tarde.
Hagamoslo pronto,
Antes de que sea muy tarde.

Se puenden tambien
Reciclar los botes de soda.
Tambien reducir el uso de spray,
Solo para vestirse a moda.

Hay que hacer algo ahora,
Pero hay que hacerlo ya.
Si nos quedamos con las manos cruzadas,
De nada servira.

Ayudemos a los pobres
Y a los desafortunados,
Por medio de donar articulos
Ya no necesitados.

Hagamos algo,
Hagamoslo pronto.
No te quedes parado
Nomas como un tonto.

¿Que acaso necesitas pruebas
Para tener razon?
Pruebas hay muchas.
Solo falta que te llegue al corazon.

Translation:

Our Planet Earth, For Now and Forever

We have to take care of this planet,
Because it's the only one we have.
God gave us Earth
So that we could live in it.

The planet Earth,
We will have it forever.
From birth,
Until death.

Then I ask myself
This only this question,
Why not take care of it,
Now and forever?

There is much
That can be done.
For example recycling,
That's our duty.

Bottles of soft drinks,
The evening paper,
Let's start now
Before it's too late.

You can also recycle
Cans of pop.
We can also reduce the use of hairspray,
That's only used to dress in style.

We have to do something
And we have to do it fast.
If we just keep our arms crossed
It won't help.

Let's help the poor
And the less fortunate,
By donating things
No longer needed.

Do something,
Do it now.
Don't just stand there
Looking like a dummy.

Or could it be that
You need more evidence?
Evidence. There's much of that.
It just hasn't touched your heart yet.

Albanélida Pérez
Finalist
Ninth Grade
L. Reynolds, Teacher
Glendale Union High School District

THE STORY

I was torn from my land,
And thrown into the street.
Just another victim of Fate's hand,
Will you help me please?

Help me not by giving food,
Or your forced charity.
I ask of you, just one thing,
Listen to my story.

I was once a lucky man,
Who had a place to sleep.
My family had food to eat,
And shoes upon their feet.

We had a house with a big backyard.
And a great big oak tree.
I did not live in poverty then,
But now I live in need.

The newspapers told of the Recession,
And the growing unemployment rate.
Then I became one of that number;
I had been shot by Fate.

My family tried to stay with me,
Although our money became low.
How I ever thought we all could live on welfare,
I will never know.

We lasted as long as we possibly could,
But my wife and kids became thin.
I began to take all of our welfare money,
And spend it on whiskey and gin.

Then, one day, after drinking all night,
I found my wife and kids gone,
And a note reading, "We left, not being able to bear it,
I hope my choice isn't wrong."

There I was left, having lost everything.
My job, my kids, and even my wife.
My house was taken away from me,
And I was left to sleep on the street at night.

I have nothing left to live for,
But for a moment I had your ear at least.
Thank you for listening to my story;
Now I may die in peace.

Nicole R. Aanenson
Finalist
Ninth Grade
Wanda Lynch, Teacher
Scottsdale School District

IN THE FACE OF GREATNESS

The precipitation sprang out
And the greens rejoiced
To have their appendages soaked
With the drops that brought them
life.
The wind rustled lazily
Through the wild garden,
Making its contents dance
And celebrate what they had come
to be.
But the rain and wind stopped
So suddenly that the plants stopped
too.
And a bright light revealed itself
From behind a cloud.
And one bold plant
Rose up to greet it
While the others watched,
Intimidated and
Unsure.

Elizabeth Bockman
Finalist
Ninth Grade
Dana Elmer, Teacher
Tucson Unified School District

A Dream in the Willow Trees

On the surface of the clear blue waters
There is the portrait of a beautiful child.
Calm and secure,
She is without a care in the world.
But below the ripple of tears,
There is chaos and disarray,
confusion and misunderstanding.
Her tiny thoughts
are like the fisherman's rod
with millions of brightly colored fish
Swarming around the pale worm.
They are clustered about,
Not knowing one thought from the other.
To the eye of the unknowing,
She is passive and tranquil.
But below the surface,
She is perplexed and in turmoil.
The image on the water is not her own,
But instead, the life within.
Frightened and intimidated,
Confused and bewildered,
She is not all she appears to be.

Sarah Owen
Finalist
Ninth Grade
Mr. Coulter, Teacher
Apache Junction Unified School District No. 43

Cambodian Language:

ម៉ែ! អ្នកម្ដាយ, ខ្ញុំអាចចូលផ្ទះបានទេ?

ខ្ញុំឆ្លាប់តែប្រែរសំលៀកបំពាក់ស្អុចស្មោច
និងមួយដងៗតមារចេញតាមដៃដី

ខ្ញុំឆ្លាប់តែរស់នៅក្នុងដីខ្សាច់មានធំ
ព្រមទាំងសត្វទន្សាយនិងរុយមាន

ខ្ញុំឆ្លាប់តែរួមរស់ជាមួយមាតាបិតាជាទីស្រឡាញ់
និងជាទីគោរពចិត្តផង

ពេលវេលានេះតែងតែមក

ម៉ែពុកខ្ញុំជាអ្នកដឹកនាំ
លើដីខ្សាច់ពាលាមិនមានស្មៅដាំសោះ

មិនស្រូវផង ត្រីក៏បានមកដល់ខ្ញុំ

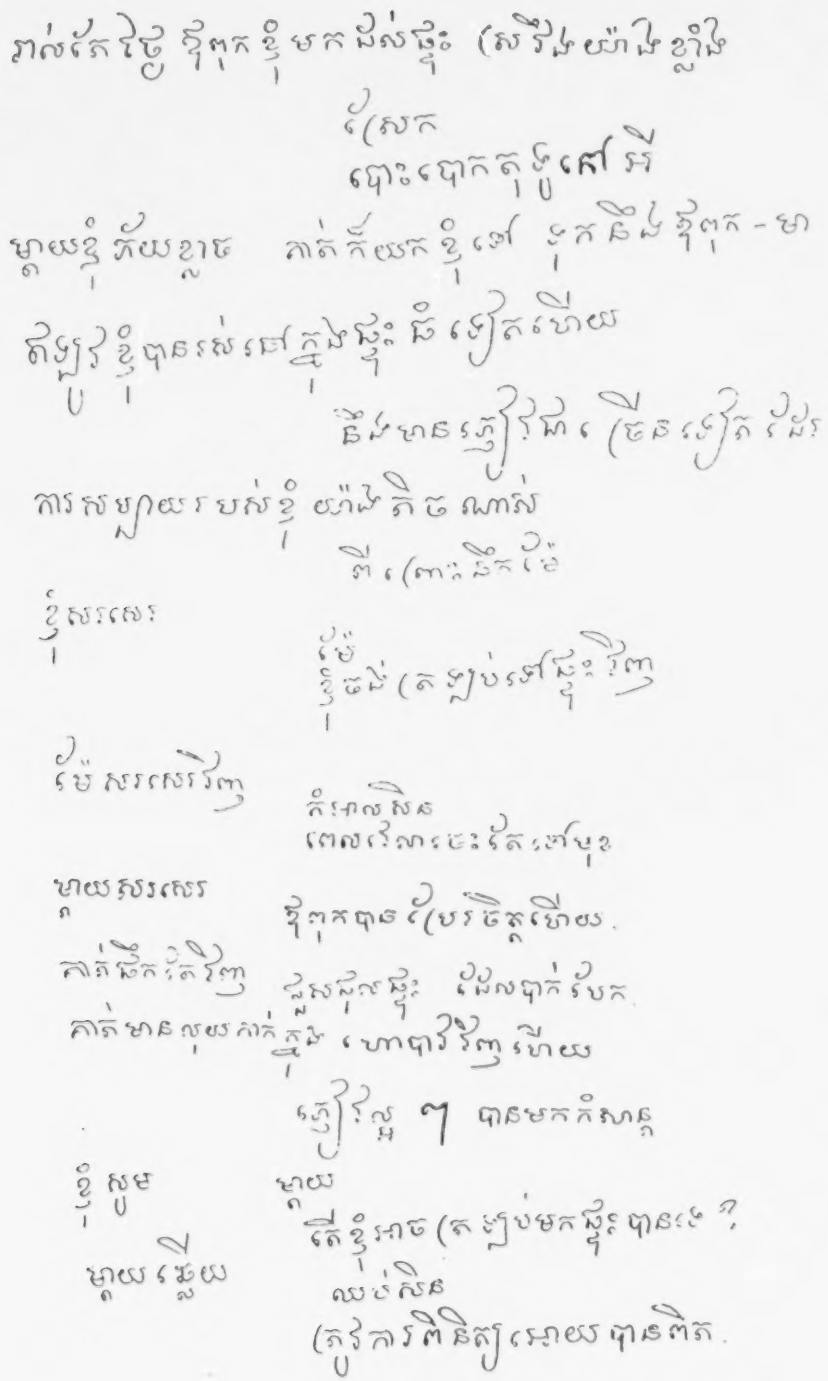
មិនរើមនជាការកំសាន្តដើម្បីតាស្លុយ

ម្ដាយខ្ញុំឈរ

ឃើញ

ដោយដឹងថាគ្មានដីធ្វើស្រែ (ស្រាយ

Cambodian Language:



Translation:

Mother, Can I Come Home?

I used to wear princely clothes,
bathing in spring water.
I used to live in a big house,
greeting laudable visitors.
I used to have loving parents,
offering priceless advice.

Time ticks onward.

My father started liquor
gambled until his pants lost pockets.
People stopped at my house
not to visit but to collect.
My mom stood
sobbing sadly
knowing nothing could be done.
Each day my father arrived home intoxicated
carping,
walloping furniture.

Fearing for my safety, Mother shipped me
to stay with my uncle.
I again live in a big house
have laudable visitors.
My joy is ephemeral
miss my mother.

I write
Mother,
I want to go home.
Mother replies
not now.

Time ticks onward.

Mother writes
Father has changed.
He drinks tea
rebuilding broken home.
He has pockets in his pants
laudable friends visit.

I beg
Mother,
Can I come home?
She responds
wait
need to make sure.

Hung Sa Kloeung
Winner
Tenth Grade
Terri Fields, Teacher
Glendale Union High School District

FALL

The dust was wiped
from the top of the boxes.

The tape popped open
like dried out leaves
cracking under the weight.

When the sweaters were shaken,
the mothball raindrops fell;
Their movement silenced by the floor.

We dragged out the sweaters and pants
and replaced them
with t-shirts and shorts.
We were prepared for the sting of winter
and taped our summer shut.

Amy Phillips
Winner
Tenth Grade
Mrs. Deborah A. Hoff, Teacher
Glendale Union High School District

Crystal Ball

You shake it up and
Snow swirls all around
So quiet and peaceful
Life seems perfect
in there.
Why is it so different
out here?
All that holds us back is
glass

Sarah Behrens
Finalist
Tenth Grade
Cheryl Byers, Teacher
Phoenix Union High School District

Romanian Language:

"Un Moment, numai unul"

Printre casele îmbatrînite de vreme
Vine un sunet, un sunet dulce
Ca înfloritul unui trandafir.

Este sunetul copiilor
Colindul lor este o armonie
a pasilor pe stazile batatorite
de ani vor fi transformarile acestului
veclet pamînt.
Ei sînt copii, copii liberi
Vocile lor fac sa întinerasca
întregul oras.

Translation:

"For a moment, just a moment"

From this dwelling among old houses
Comes a sound, a sound softer than a blooming rose's petals.
The sound of children caroling
Singing, singing in harmony as they walk
upon these battered streets which have seen
the darkness and the bleak changes of this ruthless world.

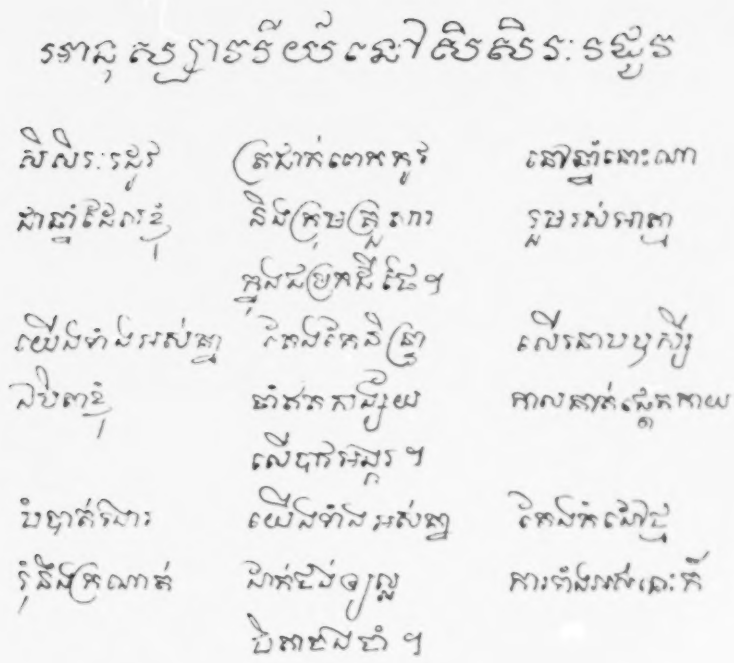
Without worries,
They don't care about this world;
They're just children singing,
Singing free!

The splendor of their mellow voices
Voices of the heavens that embrace this town,
And the world comes alive.

Then, for a moment, just a moment
Their songs conquer all.

Michaela Pop
Finalist
Tenth Grade
Mrs. Deborah A. Hoff, Teacher
Glendale Union High School District

Cambodian Language:



Translation:

Winter Memories

Winters were cold
That year in Thailand.
My family lived in tents;
They slept on bamboo mats.
My father remembers
Sleeping in rice bags.
And to keep warm,
They would heat rocks,
Wrap them in cloth,
And put them in the bag.
My father remembers
All of this.

Davy To
Finalist
Tenth Grade
Mrs. Deborah A. Hoff, Teacher
Glendale Union High School District

TWILIGHT

The world is a very different place at twilight
An infinite canopy of blue-black stretches above me
Dissolved in just one place by light ...
The aqua, lavender memory of the sun.
And I really can count the stars
One, two, three--their sisters are still asleep.
Wind nudges gently at my bare legs
Tousles my hair without asking
And tells me the secrets of the grass,
Of the wild flowers across the street,
Of summer and twilight,
And of the raindrops that now prick my skin
For just a moment, chilling me
Then evaporate to be gone, like the sun
And the wind, and the world.
The sound of crickets fills my mind
Little else exists now, except a howling
Which may be the moaning of a dying wind,
Or a blackened sun, or a shadowed world
It is the sound of the darkness of twilight.

Lana Bakker
Finalist
Tenth Grade
Jim Mitchell
Humboldt Unified School District

The Photograph

Old and withered,
torn by loving hands,
marbled brown, slightly faded,
a young face shines out,
captured in a silent moment.
It stands framed
on an aging chest,
cushioned by a well-worn
embroidered blanket,
cherished and treasured.
The person looking so
blindly out is gone,
long under the dusty earth,
but the memory lives forever
in the stained simplicity of a photograph.

Shannon Churchey
Finalist
Tenth Grade
Dr. Billie Cox, Teacher
Mesa Public Schools

Love

Love is a library.
Open one book
And find a new
Way to see life.
Another may hold
A wonderful little
World and you
Could read it
Over and over
And never grow
Tired of it. Others
May contain
A continuous,
Monotonous story
And you soon
Get bored with it.
I, personally,
Like the stories
That are never-ending
And are full of excitement
At every turn
Of a page.

Kimberly Hamilton
Finalist
Tenth Grade
Gloria Nielsen, Teacher
Peoria Unified School District No. 11

Spanish Language:

La Roca

Mi roca café y hoyosa es confiada al
contarnos su pasado en la orilla del mar,

. . . por tener en sus hoyos restos de sal,
de haber sentido al acoso de besos y abrazos
por el vaiven de las olas del apaisionado mar,
de haber escuchado el susurrar del viento
y sentido su caluroso aliento. . .

Nos enseña que es bondadoso brindar
a otras piedritas alojamiento.

Translation:

The Rock

My brown and pocked rock is confident
to tell us her past at the seashore,

. . . to have in her holes, pieces of salt,
to have felt the pursuit of kisses and hugs
from the comings and goings of the passionate sea's
wave
to have listened to the air's whispers
and felt his warm breath. . .

She shows us that it is pleasant to touch
the other lodged pebbles.

Marta Huerta
Winner
Eleventh Grade
Jocelyn Raught, Teacher
Cave Creek School District No. 93

Be Calm, Brother

Be calm, brother,
most of the universe lives in silence.
Stars
with nuclear fire burst, turn, twist, implode
their violence
for a billion years
in silence.
Galaxies would yet explode
and still be still quieter than stone.

In the depth of space,
There is no airy ocean
No wavvvy beast for sound to ride upon.
Every notion,
each great expression made upon the face
Says naught, and yet makes that meaning known.

Be calm, brother,
most of the universe lives in silence.
Break the breast-stroke,
raise your head above the water,
turn and dance with all that is,
lives
in the quiet.
Be calm, brother, for it is silent.

Walker Trimble
Winner
Eleventh Grade
Mary Solon, Teacher
Cave Creek School District No. 93

Vietnamese Language:

Tình Buồn

Gió hiu hiu đong đưa ngọn cỏ.
Mưa lâm râm nỗi đêm đó em.
Arizona anh ơi buồn lắm.
Buồn thì thương trong lúc vàng anh.
Gió ca anh em xin một dạ.
Lòng thủy chung chờ đợi người yêu.
Anh ơi! Anh có nghe em nói.
Hai tuần nay em chẳng thiết vui.
Vì gió đây vàng bóng anh rồi
Ở bên đây không còn ai nữa.
Đời nhiều lúc nhớ anh em khóc.
Ngồi chịa cây em ngắm lá rơi.
Lá rơi bao nhiêu em lại càng buồn.
Những lá rơi là bài thiết nước.
Nên em buồn là phải vàng anh.

Translation:

Blue Love

The breeze moves the blade of grass.
The rain drizzles on my dress.
Arizona saddens my heart
Because you are far apart.
I will be loyal, and patient as I wait
And always cherishing my mate.
My treasure! Can you read my thought?
For two weeks, my heart has been heavy
Because you are not here
And I have no one.
Sometimes, tears moisten my cheeks
As I sit by the tree I see a leaf fall
For lack of water the leaf falls.
And I'm sad because you're not here.

Ngoc Nguyen
Finalist
Eleventh Grade
Ms. Henderson, Teacher
Glendale Union High School District

Tagalog (Filipino) Language:

Tuwing Umuulan At Kapiling Ka

Pagmasdan ang ulan
Unti-unting pumatapak
Sa mga halama´t mga bulaklak
Pagmasdan ang dilim
Unti-unting bumabalot
Sa buong paligid tuwing umuulan
Kasabay ng ulan
Bumobuhos ang iyong ganda
Kasabay rin ang hangin kumakanta
Maari bang huwag ka sa piling ko´y lumisangka
Hangang galhangit kulay tumila na
Buhos na ulan aking mundo´y lulurin tuluyan
Tulad ng pag-agos mo di ma pipigil ang
puso kong nagliliyab
Pag-ibig ko´y umaapaw
Damdamin ko´y himihiyaw sa tuwa
Tuwing umuulan at kapiling ka
Pagmasdan and ulan
Unti-unting tumitila
Ikaw rin magpapaalam na
Maari bang minsan pa
Mahagkam ka´t maiduyan pa
Sa bibigat ulan tamang ang saksil
Minsan pa ulan bumohas ka't
Huwag nang tumigil pa
Hatid mo may bagyo dalangin it ng puso
kong sumasago
Pag-ibig ko´y umaapaw

Damdamin ko´y humihiyaw sa tuwa
Tuwing umuulan at kapiling ka

Translation:

EVERY TIME IT RAINS
(In the Tradition of Filipino Nature Poem)

Look at the rain
Slowly dropping
With all the plants and flowers.

Look at the darkness
Slowly being covered.

Every time it rains,
The rain pours on your prettiness . . .
At the same time,
The wind sings.

Please don't go, stay beside me until heaven.
When it rains and is pouring
My world drowns just like a stream.
You can't stop it.

My heart is on fire and
My love for you flows.
My feelings scream for joy
Every time it rains and you are by my side.

Look at the rain
Slowly stopping to say goodbye . . .

If possible, I would like to kiss you
And swing you once again as the sky does the heavy rain.

Once more, let it rain
Even if it brings thunder and hurricanes
This is my heart's desire.

My love is flowing.
My feelings scream for joy.
Every time it rains
And you are by my side.

Melanie Joy Baquiran
Finalist
Eleventh Grade
Mr. Parker, Teacher
Apache Junction Unified School District

LIFE IS GRATE

Sometimes we are scraped
along rough surfaces,
Cutting and Slicing
OUR EGOS.
Becoming just one bit of
cheese.
Scattered across the Taco of Life.
Battered
and
Bruised.
Hope is Lost.
But,
Everything is Bedder
with Cheddar!

Doug Ball
Finalist
Eleventh Grade
SueAn Stradling-Collins, Teacher
St. Johns Unified School District No. 1

A STATUE OF CAROLINE

In the garden
A statue.
Honeysuckle growing,
Grabbing the nose,
Across the mouth,
Down,
Entwining around the arm,
Twisting to envelop delicate breasts.
The stomach curved slightly,
Motherly.
The smile
Cracked,
The eyes a little
Chipped, empty,
Broken.
Smooth cracks descending on every
Human bough.
The fingers grasping a
Wilting branch,
A falling star,
A dream frozen in
Stone with her.

Marla Ferguson
Finalist
Eleventh Grade
Jim Short, Teacher
Mingus Union High School District

Bellow and swelter of 90°
Teenage lipstick-and-football voices
Echo like a sigh through her
Steel veins,
Trudge in the sludge of mud
And wet sky-blood.
The bell rings,
And her stone belly bursts in
Streams,
Teem with body rivers -
I slide out foot-heavy,
SS two-step,
Rhythm of a steam-train,
Beat and pulse in a school-weary brain.
ooooh . . . .
You're pasty as glue
a hallway away,
But I sneak in a casual stare -
(cheap nylon jacket,
calculator,
hair,)
And you fall into sync
Like a glowing Greek statue -
Illuminate my way,
Shine in full perfection,
Blaze and flame to
me,
meek candle,
wax and wick,
angel and Eve,
sun-hungry and light-longing.

Wendy Whiting
Finalist
Eleventh Grade
Jeanne Sabrack, Teacher
Deer Valley Unified School District No. 97

Dusk

The dreaded darkness spreads
Athwart the land at dusk
The light is hues of red
the clouds are flakes of rust.

Athwart the land at dusk
A raspy wind exists
The clouds are flakes of rust
Across the closing fist.

A raspy wind exists
The sun is swallowed soon
Across the closing fist
There looms the fog of doom.

The sun is swallowed soon
As darkness overpowers
There looms the fog of doom
Engulfing earth for hours.

As darkness overpowers
Nocturnal eyes arise
Engulfing earth for hours
With ghastly glares of ice.

Nocturnal eyes arise
The light is hues of red
With ghastly glares of ice
The dreaded darkness spreads.

Jamie Lucero
Finalist
Eleventh Grade
Mrs. Nancy Loucks, Teacher
Tolleson Union High School District No. 214

City Wilderness

Late night,
Alone in the parking lot
Waiting...
Babble fills my head to scare away boredom.
The street lights sit, soundless and mushroomy,
Staring motionlessly with their one pale eye,
Casting a chalky incandescence
Over the deserted street.
The blocks and curbs are lifeless islands
Floating on the black sea of pavement.
Silhouettes on the opaque sky,
Scraggly, paintbrushy palms line the walk:
The unruly pelage
Of wild musical composers.
The parking lot is occupied
By gorged buffalo autos
Who slumber heavily;
Metal bovines in a pavement pasture.
The obsidian sky blankets
With a rare freckling of stars
Between the smog continents that drift above;
Home for annoying airplanes,
Aluminum insects that buzz away the silence.
The distant chill rolls in
I shiver
My eyes shift to watch the automatic, red blink
Of the warning beacons in the distance;
Towering metronomes of the night
In a cement city sea.

Elizabeth Dieterle
Finalist
Eleventh Grade
Mrs. Suellen Brahs, Teacher
Phoenix Union High School District

Eat this Ernest H.

No meter nor foot nor rhyme nor
Formula nor structure
Reckless abandonment of coherency
Words for the sake of words and words
For the sake of speaking and words
For the sake of realizing the rise and fall
Of one's own chant and the extent
Of one's own vocabulary
Rolling, flowing, masterfully articulate
Weaving patterns from endless combinations
Defying logic
Ridiculing tradition
Mocking the masters
And those who set the standards
Revealing little poems about flowers and trees and
The beauty of nature to be the inane dribble they are
Lacking any value but to exult
Wondrous things that mean nothing
While annihilation reigns
And words become words for
The sake of sanity

Cree Bosson
Finalist
Eleventh Grade
Helene Forcier, Teacher
Glendale Union High School District

POST WAR HERO

A rose hybrid, bred, and fertilized by powerbrokers
Born amid flame.
In the forests, he encountered his greatest battle;
And one of his arms and legs waved goodbye to him in 1944.
He has heard the sound of history and of laughter.

Now,
He, a recluse in his
Cough drops, razor blades, last month's rent,
(a rusted Purple Heart in the attic)
While the skirmishes of His Wife's sewing,
One takes care of the arithmetic in the bank.
And between CBS night movies and
Firing shots of Presidential Candidates Debate.
He feels that nothing can ever seize him
Except the sun.

Hsin-yee Fun
Winner
Twelfth Grade
Ms. Kyl, Teacher
Phoenix Union High School District

Korean Language:

시

글: 박정선

옛날의 신비스런 사막에는
모명의 불이 다가오고
모래의 파도는
위험을 작품했다.

권력과 힘을 갈망하는
독재자
옛날의 죽은자의 유영은
삶을 암시한다.

죽음을 초래한 영광을 유해
싸우는 훈련받은 군인들
우세인의 잘못된 생각들
묻는는 자의 판결에 더욱,
흔연명한것을...

수평선 뒤에 어있는
믿을 수 없는 합동제
깃발의 숲은 정계의 바람을 불어온다
쿠웨이트를 떠나라!

죽음의 최종 기한
빠르고 둘조로운 들어올림
강철구 만든 날개를은
해지는 노을을 뒤로 사라지면서
미사일은 도시들을 불꽃으로 장식한다.
항성의 상처들은 호적수를 만나며
강철로 된 뱀들은 죽어가며
피허된 모래는 피 같은 강물을
흘러 내리면서 죽음과 눈물을
다시 돌려 보낸다.

Translation:

CNN POETRY

Ancient mystic desert
Spring of Civilizations
Brewing breeze of angry sand
Published dust of danger.

Strife for greater power
Craving Clever Commander
Bewitched by phantom of dead dominion,
Living in Allusion.

Fight for fatal glory
Disciplined disciples,
Hear Hussein's fallacious convictions,
Deaf man is wiser.

Hidden behind Horizon,
Confident Coalition,
Flag forest waving warning
Evacuate Kuwait!

Death of deadline,
Smooth swift lift,
Steel wings fade with sunset skies,
Missile lit cities.

Mars marks his match,
Serpent metals slaying,
Seeps the relic sand with crimson beds,
Death cries resound.

Dawn Nice
Winner
Twelfth Grade
Mrs. Williams, Teacher
Tolleson Union High School District No. 214

Spanish Language:

Allá La Piñata

¡Arriba - Dale!
Figura de serpiente
Color de vino
Balanceán dose
Palizada,
Gotando
¸Dulce lagrimas
Como piedritas brillantes
Sobre nuestros cabellos
Colgando sin esperanza
De un alambre

Translation:

There The Piñata

Above - hit it!
Figure of a serpent
Color of wine
Balancing itself
Beaten,
Dripping
Sweet Tears
like sparkling small stones
Upon our hair.
Hanging without hope
From a wire

Alma Dominguez
Finalist
Twelfth Grade
Cheryl Lockhart, Teacher
Amphitheater School District

Hiatus

I shall pack with me
the merchandise of my Mind:
A small talent, some niceness,
and one vice;
I need distilling of a kind and
sun and sand are fine at that--
Perhaps a bottle floating all at
sea will release the magic to me.
I want to listen to the sound of
myself like a shell, wordless.
I do not learn wisely,
but I learn well. . .

Lisa Gauthier
Finalist
Twelfth Grade
Juli Dickson, Teacher
Glendale Union High School District

Navajo Language:

SHIMÁSÁNÍ

Shimásání
Jiigo doo ámásání t'áyá nfliida
Na'iixts'is
Asht'ei náheelih
Debé dóó tx'ífzí baaná'iiltso'
T'óó' ahahjó nahalin
Tx'éégo
Dahiistó bilaaji'
Ni dfko'i nádiilte' bichi' ninádidah
Dahiistó bix
T'áání nízingo nashch'aa'
Yé'iibichei da'algiish

Dlóól dóó dlóólgo nigóólgo
nánixghaxgo dóó nánixghaxgo
Nitsínikeesgo, ni'ayétx'ógo
Yé'iibichei xizhin dóó xibágo
dóó doot'ishgo dóó xibágo
ghahalkeed.

Olkit ádéé́h
binanilnishígíí bik' éna' íxtih
Yé'yii tsééskeh bihnánínix
Sidohgo, bik'e'ásigo, doo nánát'éégó,
áxwhoshgo biche' yénáax.

Translation:

Grandmother

Grandma,
By day, you're more than a Grandma
cooking
cleaning
feeding the sheep and goats
It seems too much.

By night,
In front of the loom
You light your lantern and sit face to face
with the rug
designed the way you like
with ancient dancers....

Weaving string after string,
combing again and again,
you concentrate until
the Yei appear in white and black,
turquoise and grey....
Time fades

You cover your work with
cloth
putting the spirits to bed
and walking, step by step
to a warm comfortable, peace-filled
sleep.

Jolene Yellowhorse
Finalist
Twelfth Grade
Rulon Parker, Mary Setliff, Teachers
Apache Junction Unified School District

Despite the Madness
(a responsorial)

THE MOON TO MAN

Found in the ebon of the evening,
in the silence of the soul,
in the miles of the mind.
Where the red heart unfolds.
Lies my gift to you.

Cabalistic no more,
I give myself
To you before
The dark night to
Disclose only to the dawn
In whisking whispers.
Secrets explored.

Risen in the sky to illuminate
the ebon evening,
the silent soul,
the miled mind,
Where the truth unfolds--
I scintillate space,
Circulate spheres;
Dropping sweet kisses
And wet tears
On a small footprint,
A pockmarked platform,
A crumpled flag,
A corroded plaque:
"We Came in Peace
For All Mankind"

Covered by a cloak of caliginous clouds,
On a nameless, noiseless night
I sit;
Yours to love . . .
If you wish.

THE REPLY

Like a celestial sphere aloft,
Shimmering through the cloud, sticken sky,
You rise:
Lovely afar,
Though marred before remembrance,
Deceiving mortal eyes.
And as you sit,
The world lies down at your feet
So that you seem to rise,
Giving yourself to me.

A lunar orb,
My moon
I am a small footprint,
A pockmarked platform,
A crumpled flag,
A corroded plaque:
"We Came in Peace
For All Mankind"

Do you sent the tear?

An invisible dot
On an invisible dot
Of indescribable beauty,
Sifted by the wispy clouds
Of this night that tells naught.

Jean Vo
Finalist
Twelfth Grade
Mrs. Nancy Loucks, Teacher
Tolleson Union High School District No. 214

BUTTERMILK BISCUITS

Squinting at the recipe card, Buttermilk Biscuits.
Grandma's careful, skinny wrinkled hands
Mix the ingredients.

Tough knuckles knead, punch, knead, punch with concentration.
Pushing away a stray smoky hair.
Flour dots her forehead.

She rolls, presses the tin rings, with power and grace.
Finished product: golden hot biscuits.
Her work of art.

Tami Welt
Finalist
Twelfth Grade
Joyce L. Huffaker
Mesa Public School District

Grandmother's Corner

In the silence of her lonely corner
The grandmother stares at every crack
Traveling from the ceiling to the floor
At every fingerprint remaining
At every smudge and stain
Imprinted on the aging wall
Returning all her memories
Temporarily taking her back to the past
When she was young and pretty
And cared about life
Now, sitting in her corner
Tears roll down her cheeks
And moisten all her wrinkles
Which are just like cracks in the wall

Sarah Hensley
Finalist
Twelfth Grade
Juli Dickson, Teacher
Glendale Union High School District

The Apartments

I. Overview

Bikers and homophobes
reside here
with AIDS victims
and old men
with broken legs
and broken dreams,
and wonder,
"Why?"

A basketball court is cruelly pounded
by fat non-athletes.
The grass is a surreal
green, and its verdant resilience
seems to mock you even as you
trample it.

Children make mud pies
in joyful aimlessness--
only to become slightly
less directed
as they grow older.

And an indifferent, pagan sun
radiates to them all,
like a millionaire
divesting himself of pennies.

II. Todd's Place

Tawdry
was all you could think to
describe it.
And not even like St. Audrey's lace,
medievally defensible--
no, a modern malaise
malingered in the place.

Anxious, not-battered children
populated the residence
whose furniture reeks
of alcohol
and cigarettes
and ding dongs.

We'll be going down
another rung she
exclaimed
to him.
But he learned to fix
motorcycles
and he started drinking
alone.

The children still
laugh and play,
oblivious to their unfelt
sufferings--
happy to play in the sun.

Frank Anthony Pasquale III
Finalist
Twelfth Grade
Ms. Sue Holden, Teacher
Paradise Valley Unified School District No. 69